THE WORLD TOMORROW

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VOL. XI MARCH, 1928 No. 3

A TRY AT PEACE AND JUSTICE WITH SANDINO
JOHN NEVIN SAYRE

NEW OUTPOSTS OF BUSINESS AND INDUSTRY
STUART CHASE

THE "TRAGEDY" OF INDIA
C. F. ANDREWS

THE SEXUAL RELATIONSHIP IN MARRIAGE
FREDERICK HARRIS

THE WORLD TOMORROW, INC.
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World Tomorrow

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The Point of View

WE are beginning to think some people actually read the paper. And if **Frederick Harris** says that anybody wrote him about his previous article on Marriage, we don't have to be urged to believe it. Some of the questions raised by his correspondents are discussed in his article in this issue; and we fancy it may prove fully as stimulating and provocative—and also as helpful—as the other. Mr. Harris is chief editor of the Association Press.

Stuart Chase, who contributes this month's opus to our series on Recent Gains in American Civilization, is Director of the Labor Bureau, Inc., formerly investigator for the Federal Trade Commission, author of "The Tragedy of Waste," and joint author of "Getting Your Money's Worth," not to mention a steady flow of informative articles in the better newspapers and—ahem—magazines.

Into the thick of the Nicaraguan muddle came four gallant adventurers of peace. One of the quartette, **John Nevin Sayre,** recounts the efforts made in the face of great odds to effect a settlement with Sandino and the U. S. marines, on a basis both of peace and justice.

Jerome Davis, Professor of Practical Philanthropy in the Divinity School at Yale University, is this month's writer in the series on Vital Religion.

Olive Dargan, whose poem, "Interferin'," is a poignant story of the futility that stands between the ideal of beauty and the fact of brutal injustice, is the author of "Semiramis" and "Carlotta," two dramas in blank verse, and one in prose, "The Poet," and other plays; a sonnet series, "The Cycle's Rim"; and at least two volumes of lyric verse, "Pathflower" and "Lute and Furrow." She lives in North Carolina.

C. F. Andrews has the double distinction of a long career of devoted service to the people of India, and the fact that he is the most trusted interpreter of M. K. Gandhi to the Western World.

H. C. Engelbrecht, as regular readers appreciate, knows his way about the side alleys, as well as the main highways, of history. Formerly of the faculty of the University of Chicago, he was until recently assistant editor of this journal.

Helen Sahler is well known as a sculptress and writer. **Joseph Matthews** writes from experience as a missionary, teacher, and traveler. **Mildred Wilsey** contributes verse to various periodicals, as does **Arthur R. Macdougall, Jr.,** who, also, is a minister in Bingham, Maine. **David Morton** is the famous sonneteer now on the faculty of Amherst College.

Among those who peer between covers and announce their discoveries this month are **A. J. Muste,** head of Brookwood Labor College, at Katonah, N. Y.; **Paul Blanshard,** writer and lecturer on economic subjects and field secretary of the League for Industrial Democracy; **Herbert Adolphus Miller,** Professor of Sociology at Ohio State University; **Leslie Blanchard,** Executive, The National Student Council, Y. W. C. A.; **Douglas Haskell,** formerly editor of *The New Student;* **Abraham Epstein,** Secretary of the Association for Old Age Security; **Gilbert Beaver,** writer and lecturer on religious and social subjects and long a prime mover in the Fellowship of Reconciliation; and **B. Y. Landis,** an editor of *Rural America,* associate secretary of the Department of Research and Education of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

THE WORLD TOMORROW

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A Journal Looking Toward a Social Order Based on the Religion of Jesus

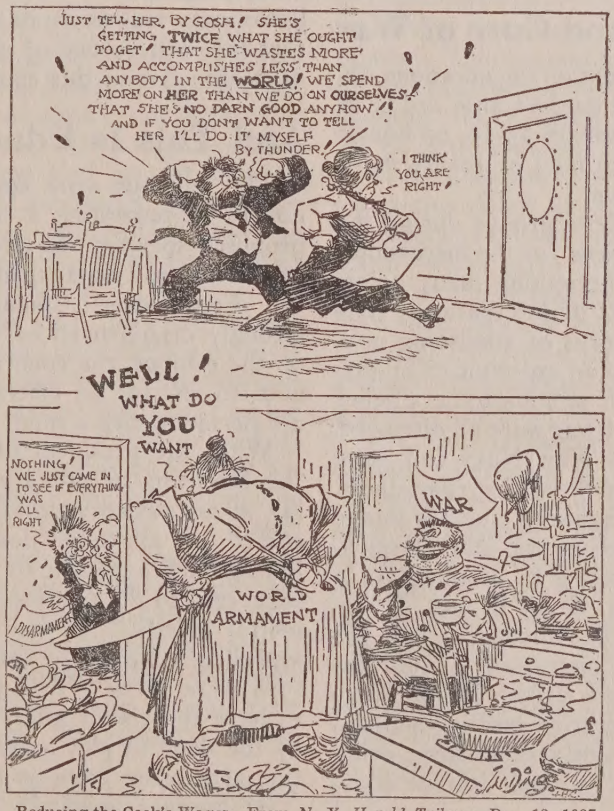
Vol. XI. March, 1928 No. 3

Editorials

Peace Piecemeal

"Next steps," and peace in piecemeal fashion, sometimes seem to be as difficult to execute as more drastic peaceward revolutions. Could there be a better case in point than Mr. Kellogg's new ambition to abolish the submarine, as Britain tried to abolish it at the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armament; only to find that with huge armadas of battleships and cruisers still in the possession of Britain and the U. S. A., such countries as France, Italy, and Japan—in terms of war strategy—by such a move would be rendered almost helpless.

During recent weeks the world has been witness to some clear lessons in this respect. France and the United States found it hard to reconcile divergent commitments and conclude a real peace treaty. France's excuse was her membership in the League of Nations, which commits her to wage joint war on any "aggressor" country, making it impossible, therefore, to renounce all war, as suggested by Secretary Kellogg. Given France's interpretation of her obligations, she cannot conclude a thoroughgoing multi-lateral peace treaty, though she and other states members of the League may consummate with each other military treaties freely—as in the case, for example, of France with Belgium and Italy with Albania. This is a most illuminating revelation of the view still held of the League process by some of the member Powers.


JUST TELL HER, BY GOSH! SHE'S GETTING TWICE WHAT SHE OUGHT TO GET! THAT SHE WASTES MORE AND ACCOMPLISHES LESS THAN ANYBODY IN THE WORLD! WE SPEND MORE ON HER THAN WE DO ON OURSELVES! THAT SHE'S NO DARN GOOD ANYHOW! AND IF YOU DON'T WANT TO TELL HER I'LL DO IT MYSELF BY THUNDER!
I THINK YOU ARE RIGHT!
WELL! WHAT DO YOU WANT
NOTHING! WE JUST CAME IN TO SEE IF EVERYTHING WAS ALL RIGHT
DISARMAMENT
WORLD ARMAMENT
WAR

Reducing the Cook's Wages—From *N. Y. Herald Tribune*, Dec. 12, 1927

Mr. Kellogg's ambitious proposal, however, could hardly be taken seriously, in the light of the big-navy boom timed almost simultaneously and supported by the President. It is a pity, for behind the proffer of thoroughgoing, multi-lateral peace treaties—multi-lateral in order to play no favorites—it is not hard to discern the fine hand of Mr. Borah, eager to grasp at any chance to wield a wallop to the League's "aggressor" complex and to forward the essence of his policy of outlawry. Mr. Borah, rightly, we think, contends that France and the other League members could sign a peace treaty just as well as a war treaty, and that "if war were outlawed, the League would be far more firmly founded than it is today."

Meantime, we have now concluded a Franco-American treaty which leaves out of arbitration practically all questions over which war might come, and is confused about how even the other disputes are to be adjusted. That is amounts to more than a rescuing gesture, nobody believes, least of all M. Briand and our State Department.

In Washington, however, two significant things have happened, neither of which has received adequate publicity. Senator Borah, whose original resolution for the outlawry of war definitely exempted "the right of self-defense against invasion or attack," has seen that to allow "defensive" war is as unrealistic as to condemn merely "aggressive" war, and has deleted that section from his resolution as reintroduced on last De-

cember 12th. This removes the chief stumbling block for pacifists in the outlawry program; and should result in renewed enthusiasm on their part for the outlawry campaign.

In the House, Representative Theodore E. Burton's resolution prohibiting the export of war materials to an "aggressor" nation has been changed by a unanimous vote of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs to place a ban on the shipment of such materials "to any nation which is engaged in war with another." This is nothing short of a revolutionary modification, placing our power directly against war and the war system.

Both the Borah change and the Burton change are moves against the piecemeal method of working to do away with certain kinds of war, and are in the direction, at least, of abolishing war altogether. And abolition is the only sound approach to war.

Studying the Cause and Cure of War

Whatever one's individual slant on the questions discussed by the Third Conference on the Cause and Cure of War held in Washington, January 15-19, no honest observer could fail to sense the note of reality in its program-building and discussions.

The work done by the readers' groups during the year furnished a considerable basis for the discussions, which were led by persons representing many points of view. The economic aspects of international relations, disarmament, the best means of abolishing war, the influence of Russian and Italian experiments in government, the education of public opinion to be a belief in treaties for the proscribing of war were all discussed.

After representatives of the War, Navy and State departments had advocated "moderate" preparedness, Mrs. Catt challenged the conference to take advantage of its first opportunity to "catch up the State Department" by approving and supporting its proposal for a multilateral treaty with France, Great Britain, Japan, Germany and Italy and other like-minded nations for the renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy. H. N. Brailsford of the British Labor Party questioned the efficacy of arbitration treaties and disarmament, pointing out that considerable force could be used on "backward peoples" without formal declaration of war.

Unanimous approval was given the Burton bill prohibiting the United States from exporting arms, munitions or implements of war to any country engaging in aggressive warfare.

While its sponsors frankly call it an educational experiment whose value cannot yet be assessed, they have sufficient faith in its possibilities to call a fourth one. When the time comes for a study of pacifism as one of the approaches to a cure, reality and education will have progressed still further.

Exhibit of Negro Art

The Harmon Foundation and the Commission on the Church and Race Relations of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America early in January placed before the public for two weeks an exhibit of the creative work of Negroes of America in fine arts. They hoped to accomplish three things: Create a wider interest in the work of the Negro artist as a contribution to American culture; stimulate him to aim for the highest standards of achievement, and encourage the general public in the purchase of his work, with a view to helping the American Negro to a sounder and more satisfactory economic position in art.

It was a small exhibit. About one hundred admissions were shown: in black and white, oils, water color, carved wood, and sculpture in green porcelain and in plaster. The variety of treatment and subjects made judging both difficult and interesting. The collection was well worth its showing and it is to be hoped that this will be one of a series of annual exhibitions of Negro Art in this country.

And This Is Education!

The religious work council decided that there was no use in requesting a university convocation. The proposed speaker was known as a pacifist. The head of the military department exercised great influence in the Convocation Committee. Since the Colonel strongly disapproved of permitting pacifists to speak on the campus, the council decided that it was unwise even to ask for an official university function. They did decide to risk a small luncheon of invited students.

When the president of the university heard about this luncheon, he called in the professor who was acting in an advisory capacity to the organization concerned and expressed doubts about the wisdom of allowing such a person to appear on the campus. He suggested to the professor that the latter "handle the matter quietly." It was handled. The meeting was cancelled. No public statement was made. No reasons were given. Two professors who had planned to have the visitor address their classes were advised by the dean to play safe. They accepted the suggestion as wisdom from on high. And this is education!

At another university the president refused to allow a pacifist to speak on the campus on the ground that the latter was opposed to the government, that is, he was opposed to one policy of the government: namely, the maintenance of military training in schools and colleges. Since when has it been a crime to criticize the government? Shades of Jefferson, Lincoln, and Roosevelt! Such iconoclasts would never have been permitted to set foot on the sacred soil of any campus if the present policy had prevailed in their day. And this is democracy!

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Injunctions—An Anti-Labor Weapon

In New York City the Interborough Rapid Transit Company is trying to enjoin the entire American Federation of Labor against any attempt to organize the company's subway workers. In Western Pennsylvania federal and State injunctions if literally interpreted and strictly enforced—which at present they are not—would forbid the United Mine Workers to give relief to the strikers and would prevent Hungarian strikers from attending a Magyar church to which non-strikers go. There is not a single activity necessary to the organization of a union or the successful conduct of a strike which has not at some time or other in the United States been forbidden by a federal or State injunction. No wonder that hostility to the injunction in labor disputes is about the only issue on which all shades and divisions of American labor will unite with some show of fervor.

Large sections of the American public regard this opposition to the injunction in labor disputes as unreasonable. To them the injunction looks like an impartial use of judicial power to prevent some act of violence or sabotage. Such is not the case. While injunctions are usually granted on the pretext that acts of violence have been or are about to be committed, the workers are always enjoined against non-violent acts which in themselves are legal. There is plenty of law against criminal violence in the United States. The injunction as a weapon of the employing class does two things: (1) It makes more or less illegal the ordinary work of organization and picketing upon which the workers must depend for victory in a strike; and (2) it makes it possible for a judge to try union officials or strikers not before juries for specific violations of law but before his sole self for the alleged crime of contempt of court without any jury at all. Inevitably such power even in the hands of an honest judge invites abuse. The judge is provided with an opportunity to give his social and economic theories or prejudices the force of law. Since most judges have come up through corporation or business law or owe political debts to party machines financed by corporations, their point of view is almost invariably favorable to property rather than human rights.

By no possible construction of law is it the business of the courts thus to interfere in industrial disputes. Their interference makes the whole process of justice seem a dubious and partisan affair in the eyes of the workers. So conservative a lawyer as Senator Pepper some years ago warned of the excessive strain upon the entire federal judicial system which was being caused by the extension of the injunction power of the courts.

Such hope as we have in America of bringing about peaceable progress in industrial disputes rather than such violence and bloodshed as have recently disgraced the State of Colorado depends upon a radical change in our administrative and judicial machinery and attitude in dealing with strikes, of which the abolition of the use of the injunction is the most important point. To continue the injunction is to continue at best a social irritant and at worst a judicial tyranny which almost command men to have disrespect for law.

The Struggle Over Power

As this issue goes to press a Senatorial investigation into important phases of the Power Industry in the United States seems likely. This industry has grown over six-fold during the last fifteen years. Its control is rapidly concentrating into the hands of a few great holding companies. Five companies now control over 45 per cent of the production of electrical energy in the country and twenty companies control over four-fifths of the output.

In an effort to safeguard the interests of the public, regulatory commissions have been set up in the various States. These commissions, however, have thus far proved relatively ineffective. Most of them are undermanned. They must divide their efforts among a number of State utilities. They possess inadequate funds. They have no power over contracts made with holding companies doing an interstate business. They have adopted a rate base—that of the cost of reproducing a plant—which gives little protection to the consumer. Many of the commissioners while in office, moreover, have their weather eye open for lucrative jobs in the electrical industry after their term of office expires—and are not wholly uninfluenced in their actions as commissioners by this fact.

The result is that the consumer, and particularly the domestic consumer, is failing to get the advantage of the recent economies in the industry. The average price for domestic light in the United States is over 7 cents per kilowatt hour as compared with about 2 cents in Ontario. Huge profits are being made by the insiders, who are working day and night to prevent effective regulation and any experiments in public ownership. The industry has recently organized a propaganda bureau for this very purpose—the Joint Committee of Public Utility Associations, which boasts of the support of corporations valued at over seventeen billion dollars. This association and numerous other power propaganda groups are just now concentrating their efforts on the defeat of the Swing-Johnson bill for the construction of Boulder Dam on the Colorado River, the erection of great government hydro-electric power plants in connection therewith and the distribution of the power to the industry, with preferential treatment to municipal plants. They are urging the long term leasing of the water power resources at Muscle Shoals to the great power interests of the South. They are bringing enormous pressure to bear on the New York State legislature to give away the State's remaining

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water power resources on the St. Lawrence and Niagara Rivers for fifty-year periods.

On the other hand the electric light consumers of the country have a unique opportunity to reëstablish some control over the industry and provide meters for measuring the relative efficiency of private and public industry, by insisting that these water power projects at Boulder Dam, Muscle Shoals and the St. Lawrence (together with the more remote development on the Columbia River) be developed by public agencies. Will the advocates of these public developments make their voice heard or will they again be drowned out by the subsidized propaganda of private enterprises?

Punishment or Protection?

Had we been of the same mind with many others, we might have made the "or" a "for." Acting on the theory that society may be protected against offenders by severe punishment—a theory to which long centuries of experiment give the lie—the United States is going through a debauch of vengeance. Public opinion, incited partly by publicity surrounding sensational crimes, threatens to swing away from the scientific procedure being developed by competent students of penology, in the direction of merely vindictive policies based on the ancient formula of an eye for an eye.

In the State of New York, for example, the so-called Baumes laws providing for mandatory life sentences on fourth offenders, sent to prison in the first sixteen months of operation forty-nine "habitual criminals." Among them must be counted Ernest Gardner, sent up for stealing a shoe brush; and Thomas McCarthy, for the theft of twenty cents. In Michigan, where similar laws have been in force for a short time, one of the first victims was Fred Palm, who had previously violated the liquor law five times, as well as committing a number of minor misdemeanors. The immediate cause of Palm's life sentence was the possession of a pint of gin.

Along with a reversion to the penal severity of frontier days is appearing a recrudescence of clamor for the retention and further extension of capital punishment. If the death penalty does not serve as a deterrent, it does afford a morbid stimulus to unstable popular emotion; and that is one of the chief reasons for its abolition. The harm lies not so much in what happens to the few murderers who ever reach the chair —and convictions will remain few while the death penalty prevails—the greater harm is in the effect on society of such brutalizing reprisals. Every time an execution of any importance takes place, in our opinion, the chances of other murders are by that much strengthened.

The fact that bogus insanity has sometimes been invented for the benefit of wealthy rascals is inadequate ground for the rejection of sound psychiatric methods. Nor does the continuous existence of a crime wave, if there ever was one, justify an overattention to spectacular homicides and a neglect of underlying social causes.

We can scarcely agree with those who would retain capital punishment but keep its sordid details in the dark, cloaking the fiendish horror of executions in pompous ritual and reticence. We can see a distinct hurt to the many from poring over the aberrations of the few; but until the death penalty is itself put to an inglorious death, let the detailed publicity keep on. The tabloid which published a photograph surreptitiously taken of a recent murderess in the writhings of electrocution only revealed to the citizens of the State exactly what they had ordered to be done. It is the public that pulls the switch; the executioner draws his $200—they come $50 cheaper in bunches—only as an agent. And if the public is squeamish over its own collective acts, it is merely choking on the gnat and bolting down the dromedary. It is not to its credit that it prefers to cover its Neanderthal excesses with an unctuous prudery.

To focus more effectively than hitherto intelligent humane opinion on this phase of security, the League to Abolish Capital Punishment, a national organization, has been formed with offices at 104 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Society needs protection. Punishment, however, in the long run may confidently be relied on as one of the best ways not to get it. .

Tit for Tat

The Postmaster General will not permit stamps saying "Protest against marine rule in Nicaragua" to be placed on the back of letters. He says, "It is a manifest absurdity to permit political agitators and advocates of various governmental policies to utilize the United States mails to propagandize the public." Well, there are other things hardly necessary to mention which are greater absurdities. We were interested to know, however, whether his ruling would apply to both sides of the envelope and eliminate the cancellation stamp, "Citizens Military Training Camps. Let's go," so we wrote to the Postmaster General about it. He was irritated. After explaining that the law allows the government to use such a cancellation stamp in the interests of projects which it is supporting, he added: "That is the case with the citizens military training camps which are designed to educate men to defend people like you in case military necessity exists. There is nothing that even approximates this in the case of the so-called Sandino stamp which is nothing more nor less than propaganda against the government and its attitude." Evidently the government reserves to itself the exclusive right to propagandize the public.

The Sexual Relationship in Marriage

FREDERICK HARRIS

I

IN a previous article in THE WORLD TOMORROW, the present writer offered a few suggestions regarding the possibilities of marriage. Quite to his surprise, he received responses from many readers not only in America but scattered over the whole world. Very definite requests were made for a further consideration of the sexual relationship. The Editor has kindly offered an opportunity to deal with this point more adequately. The opportunity is too fortunate to be missed, for there are few personal problems of deeper concern to men and women today than the sexual adjustment in marriage.

Marked sexual maladjustment is very serious, of course; it issues frequently in profound nervous disorders, in shattered partnerships, and in pitiful spiritual degradation. This is all very distressing but is probably not the most significant phase of the problem. The real tragedy is that such a large number of people are muddling along so aimlessly that the sexual relationship instead of being an enriching experience remains a generally disappointing and recurrently a disruptive element in the partnership.

Due to causes that cannot be discussed here, sexual matters are not often treated rationally, even in an advanced civilization like America; and the result is that we live in a dim twilight beneath heavy clouds of prejudice. I do not mean that our reasoning is inaccurate: all too frequently we do not reason at all but accept traditional conceptions without any question as to their origin or validity. Even those who have emancipated themselves from the extremes of religious dogma are prone still to cling to sexual dogmas resting on much less secure foundations. The relation of the sexual impulse to the association of a man and a woman in marriage remains confused because we do not analyze our experience.

THE marital relationship in modern life is highly complex; but it is possible, without over-refining the situation, to distinguish certain important elements. Strictly speaking, marriage as such is primarily a juridic relationship, a legal contract, probably based in the beginning on economic considerations, which still constitute an essential part of the legal arrangements. The personal association of the partners to the marriage contract presents the widest variety of types. In certain uncultured groups, there is very little personal association of any kind; in polygamous societies, the relationship may be very different from that which usually obtains in America; and even in monogamous communities there is no standard attitude and behavior for all marital partners. In what we regard as the most successful of modern marriages, the personal association is continuous and intimate and includes both a companionship akin to the friendship that exists between two persons of the same sex and also a deep and considerate personal affection, the one for the other. This steady and considerate personal affection is a complex sentiment. Whatever its instinctive roots, it seems historically to have grown out of the cooperation of the parents in the protection and nurture of the human child through its long period of helpless infancy. Conjugal affection—if I may use this term in this special sense—is really the product of human experience in the family. Such a sentiment is conspicuously lacking in savage societies where the clan organization obliterates the family.[1]

The strictly sexual relationship between male and female is far older than marriage or companionship or conjugal affection, older, indeed, than any form of continuing association between the two. This relationship is based, of course, upon the sexual impulse, an instinctive drive the basic factor in which is glandular activity within the individual organism—strictly a biological matter. The tension in the organism is increased by external stimuli, though it occurs in the beginning independent of any external excitation; and there ensues a desire for release—again, in its essence a biological matter.[2] Now, I am quite aware of the fact that what I have called conjugal affection may have its roots in this sex impulse; but in our human experience, sexual desire and conjugal affection appear distinct from each other. Sexual desire grows out of an individual need: conjugal affection is a product of social experience in the family. No married man requires to be told that the two sometimes come into direct conflict with each other. Because a considerate lover at times restrains his own desire out of love for his mate does not mean that there exists no such desire. The woman who in a time of famine gives the last food to her children does not thereby eliminate her own physical hunger.

The strictly physical sexual relationship between men and women has been practiced by humanity in every conceivable form both in and out of marriage, both with and without continuing personal relationship, and

[1] An elaborate and thoroughly documented discussion of these points may be found in Robert Briffault, *The Mothers*.

[2] See F. H. Allport, *Social Psychology*, Chap. III, for an illuminating discussion of the sex drive and its relation to human mating.

along the whole scale from the strictest monogamy to the most casual promiscuity. Beyond this, sexual satisfaction for the individual has been sought in an almost infinite variety of those unaccustomed practices which we include under the general term of perversions. The desire for sexual satisfaction of itself follows no predained path.

IN our Western monogamic marital practice, it is expected that the marital companions and conjugal partners shall also be permanent and exclusive sexual mates. We seem utterly to have ignored the plain fact that, in its direct and original character, the sexual impulse is somewhat of an alien in this combination. It is a desire arising from an individual physiological demand; and, as such, unless intelligently and patiently domesticated, it does not fit into the requirements of true partnership at all. Once we have grasped this fact, it is easier to understand why men and women so frequently gratify their sexual desires with members of the opposite sex for whom they feel no affection. We may perhaps comprehend also why partners who have a very tender and affectionate regard for each other nevertheless may be drawn into sexual relationships with outsiders or may fail utterly in sexual relationships with each other.

What we receive from Nature is a powerful and imperious organic impulse. In the beginning it is not even directed toward the opposite sex. It seems to be extraordinarily easy to train boys and girls to seek sexual gratification with members of the same sex or through auto-erotic practices. Society, however, provides through a social education, begun long before our passions have become dominant, that we shall regard the other sex as the proper object of our sexual desire; and society endeavors also to instil into youth the notion that the appropriate sexual relationship is that between one man and one woman united in marriage. This is our theoretical solution of the sex problem. We have omitted, however, among other serious omissions in sex education, to instruct youth as to how this disturbing and fluctuating drive can be brought successfully into harmony with other elements in marital experience. It seems to have escaped the notice of our moral leaders that unless the sexual relationship can be worked out harmoniously to the satisfaction of both partners then *marriage is no real solution of the sex problem of the individuals concerned.*

II

HOW can such an integration be achieved?

It is the opinion of the present writer that the issue cannot be evaded by any vague "spiritualization" of sex. The result is repression under the very circumstances that are designed theoretically to obviate the plain dangers of such repression. Shall we not rather look for our salvation in drawing the sexual relationship into the circle of true partnership by making it a genuinely shared interest? This means that, instead of seeking personal sexual satisfaction, each partner shall endeavor first to consider the other in order that perfect mutuality shall be established. What is the essence of mutuality? Precisely this, that the whole experience—from the first caress to the climax of sexual intercourse—shall mean essentially the same to both and shall bring the same enduring satisfaction to both. I am aware of all the qualifications necessary to square such a dogmatic statement with the facts, but there is no time to discuss them here. Perfection is not within the range of human possibility, but *we can achieve as near an approximation here as in any other adventure in sharing.* It is proper that both partners shall understand the import of all their acts, that they shall ascend the heights of sexual emotion as nearly abreast as possible, and that each shall attain the fitting and necessary sexual climax which is essential to mental and physical well-being. I have no illusions as to the difficulty of this achievement, but the only alternative is that one partner shall satisfy his or her desire at the expense of the other. It is such experiences which create that disgust of the physical act which mars the life of so many women. Buoyed up in the early days of marriage by the force of a deep love, later on such women come to feel more and more keenly a desperate bewilderment about, and a sharp recoil from, a passion which they are called upon to serve without sharing. It is strange that in an enlightened age all this should have to be set down; but I have talked with a number of earnest and intelligent married men who do not even know whether or not their wives have ever experienced, in sexual intercourse, the climactic release of nervous tension technically known as an orgasm. With all their sincerity, such men must be set down as having little intelligent concern for the sexual interests of their partners. There is nothing really shared under such circumstances.

THE ideal sexual partners are those who have sized up the character of the problem. As they are utterly frank with each other elsewhere, they are utterly frank with each other here. They have studied together the facts about each other's bodies and the facts about the characteristic psychological reactions of men and women. They have not been ashamed to seek wise counsel as to the proper procedure between husband and wife. Their sexual practices are adjusted to their mutual moods, and they understand that adjustment between their moods must determine appropriate times and seasons for sexual satisfaction. They have not an atom of fear of each other. In all high emotion there must be a sense of abandonment, of perfect freedom; and such daring freedom is theirs because each

understands that the other is not grasping selfishly at his own delight. There are many phases of love, but these phases come together in the purpose of affection —the desire for unity with the beloved. This sense of unity may arise out of companionship or out of conjugal love. It is written in the book of experience that the sexual relationship also may play its part in enriching and perfecting unity. In its due season, it may represent, above every other relationship, the most intimate and delicate sense of oneness. As a glance of the eye or a touch of the hand or the graceful homage of a kiss—sensuous things all—become not only symbols but part and parcel of affectionate expression, so sexual intercourse, the most intense of all sensuous experiences, may be a most perfect expression of mutual love. Sexuality as it appears in acts whose purpose is merely to satisfy one's own demands tends to be cruel and relentless; but when it appears as a purpose of two partners to share an experience with each other, it is the handmaid of tenderness. This is the ideal experience. There can be little danger of unserviceable sexual behavior when the sexual life of each partner is the object of the other's intelligent and affectionate concern.

THE chief difficulty in the way of the realization of this sort of relationship is our curious reluctance—due to the habit of strict reticence regarding sex matters—to admit social intelligence into the case. We speak about Nature showing the way. But the kind of sexual intercourse I have been discussing is not "natural" at all. It is as unnatural as street-cars or Shredded Wheat or a Beethoven Symphony. It is the product of human patience, human intelligence, and human skill. The sex behavior of the lower animals and of undeveloped races of undisciplined men and women is more or less casual, largely self-centered, and quite probably violent. Such behavior serves a purely procreative purpose, but it does not enrich the experience of sexual mates. This mutuality in the sexual relationship is an artistic achievement and artistic achievements do not just happen. This is not the place to discuss details and the present writer assumes no competence in such matters, but I would call attention to a few obvious facts in order to make my point clear.

Mutuality may split upon pure ignorance of elementary physiology: Nature endows no one with such information, it must be acquired. There seems to be quite frequently a definite maladjustment of the sexual organs of marital partners. Under the guise of some euphemistic expression, this appears as a cause of many shattered romances; yet a competent physician specializing in this field can usually suggest a functional remedy which answers in most instances. There appears quite often the baffling condition of lack of adequate sexual response in women, commonly known as frigidity. It is due to a variety of causes, but it is usually functional; and through coöperation between husband and wife under competent direction—a first-rate psychiatrist or some married couple who have surmounted the difficulty—it yields rapidly to intelligent procedure in many if not most instances.

There are the less ponderable obstacles. Wide differences in time of sexual response between man and wife, instability of emotional mood at certain times, odd little crotchets of time or place or light or conversation or preliminaries that, trivial enough in themselves, may grow in this particular experience into matters of extreme significance—the list could be multiplied many times. Reference is made to such obstacles to perfect sexual understanding not in order to magnify them but to suggest that they are nearly all surmountable by patience and skill. Because we insist upon exaggerated reticence, men and women bear in uneasy fortitude what could be readily removed by intelligence. It is commonly urged—and quite rightly—upon a young man just before marriage that his first sexual approach to his wife will play a large part in determining the set of their sexual relationship. Certainly so, but I wonder how often the same friends, instead of simply scaring him, actually suggest to him specifically how to manage the approach. Again I would repeat, this is not a natural—that is, instinctive—procedure, but a delicate and somewhat difficult personal adjustment as artificial as any other superior spiritual achievement of mankind. It must be learned properly: good intentions are not enough here. It is well-meaning blundering which so often produces that unfortunate conflict of experience between affectionate husband and wife which seems to separate the physical act from all spiritual context; and love is left painfully to climb up out of the pit into which it has been so heedlessly hurled.

To some, this discussion may appear all too rosy. It is well to be warned that the process of adjustment may be difficult. Harmony for some has been attained only through baffling disappointment, and many find difficulties arising continually as the result of circumstances beyond their control. Periods of wise or necessary abstinence present a problem demanding the utmost exercise of patience and intelligence. The solution in each case must depend upon the maintenance of complete confidence and entire frankness: there are few obstacles that cannot be surmounted by coöperation. To be sure, sometimes the sincerest efforts do fail and a genuine maladjustment must be recognized. The discussion of such an eventuality, however, lies beyond the scope of this brief paper.

I have no desire to refine the sexual act out of all robust content: that would but repeat the error of those who find spirituality only in emaciated asceticism. Experience seems to make clear to us, however, that harmony is necessary to profound satisfaction and that

harmony arises out of intelligent and skillful procedure. After all, spontaneity is a safe indulgence only for the self-disciplined.

ONE more point of first importance. There appears to be a growing conviction among thoughtful men and women that the bringing of children into the world should be the result of a definite decision on the part of the parents, a decision based upon an intelligent consideration of the interests of the child, its parents, and society. It is believed that, speaking generally, unwanted children do not have the fair chance to which every child is entitled. Most high-minded people are concerned with quality rather than quantity, and there is surely some reason to believe that utterly selfish men and women might better remain childless. To accomplish the aim of this selective parenthood by the abstention from sexual relations between husband and wife would eliminate the possibility of that mutual enrichment sketched in the preceding paragraphs. For this reason among others, I am led to regard the practice of birth control as a wise and creative measure in modern life. The fine freedom of mutual love cannot be realized in marriage in the presence of the continual hazard of bringing into the world children for whose adequate nurture the parents are economically, physically, or morally unprepared. The subject of birth control is too large to discuss fully in a few sentences; but I should like to suggest my own personal conviction that a marital partnership enriched by a triumphant sexual comity will result, other things being equal, in an eager desire for the procreation of new life and will provide the truly ideal environment in which a child may grow to a happy and well-adjusted maturity.

III

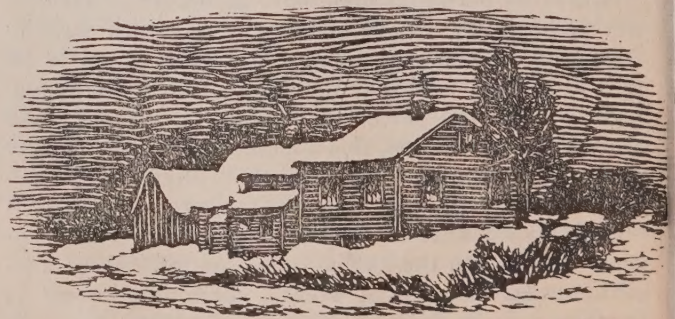
IN spite of the disagreement of some of my radical friends, it is my own conviction that the achievement of this sharing of the sexual experience tends to become so satisfying to the partners that their sex problem is settled within their partnership. I have no desire to moralize: I believe this is a broad fact. Sexual irregularity for such partners passes beyond right and wrong, because it no longer appears in their desires. I am told by those who have had the opportunity to examine many cases that under such circumstances sexual love may continue up to the threshold of senility. It is a beautiful idea that marital lovers far beyond middle age should be able to warm themselves in an emotional experience recalling all the fine romance of the first flush of youth. There is always a rich reward for the pains we take in trying to perfect a personal relationship.

Much has been written about the monotony of monogamy. It is true that companionship and connubial affection do become through habit as unnoticed as the air we breathe. There is much to be said for such peace, yet it may become humdrum. But if the perfect sexual adjustment enshrined in the marital partnership brings a common happiness to both partners, there is some insurance against monotony; for the very essence of sexuality is its tidal ebb and flow. "The first fine careless rapture" is recaptured, recaptured again and again. When we least expect it—perhaps after some very placid but profound experience of companionship—sexual love may suddenly spring up and, following its appropriate, habitual, and established course, celebrate again a vital and enduring unity. Wordsworth once uttered a complaint that his wife's love which was originally a fountain had become a well. The poet, Francis Thompson, commenting upon this whimsicality said: "Love is an affection, its display an emotion: love is the air, its display is the wind. An affection may be constant; an emotion can no more be constant than the wind can constantly blow. All, therefore, that a man can reasonably ask of his wife is that her love should be indeed a well. A well: but a Bethesda-well, into which from time to time the angel of tenderness descends to trouble the waters for the healing of the beloved."

Eighteenth Century Romance

. . . And then, the manly hero shook,
"Miss Dora, shall I live or die?"
Blushing, she murmured, with a sigh,
"Indeed, I do not wish you ill,
But I would not be understood . . ."
(She trembled with an aguish chill.)
"My heart betrays me to no good.
Nay, I mean nothing! Sir, alas!
For Heaven's sake, pray, let me pass
Into the house!"
His trembling arm
Helped her to totter up the path.
"Hartshorn!" he cried, in shrill alarm.
The Squire, her father, in his wrath
Appeared.
My dear! I could not look!
And so, I closed my story book.

—MILDRED WILSEY.



J. J. Lankes.

New Outposts of Business and Industry*

STUART CHASE

THERE are today in America at least ten corporations—not including banking firms—in the billion dollar class. In sheer size, bulk, power, they represent a tremendous gain over ten years ago; indeed over any other period in the world's industrial history. It is not my purpose, however, to present the evidence for gains of this nature. The popular magazines, the journals of business, have covered the growth in the assets, sales, concentrated power of business enterprise with commendable thoroughness. The story is there for all to read, and an amazing story it is. The problem to which I address myself is somewhat different, and far more complicated. What has the wayfaring man in America gained by virtue of these expanding corporate balance sheets, where the millions merge into billions, and the most stupendous financial power which the world has ever seen climbs yearly to more incredible levels? The criterion here is gain in terms of social welfare, rather than in assets, capitalization, and the statistics of foreign investment.

What have business and industry done in recent years to make America a better place to live in for the majority of her citizens?

To one who has tended to view modern business with a somewhat bilious eye; to assess in no uncertain terms its wastes, its paradoxes, its frequent injustices and absurdities—the invitation to inventory its virtues comes as a particularly stimulating challenge. It will be a pleasure for once to exchange a shower of bricks for a shower of nosegays—if there are any nosegays—and so accord honor where honor is due. American business has been such a steadfast enemy that I have conceived almost an affection for it. It is time that I canvassed its good points more thoroughly.

INITIALLY we must, following Veblen, make a distinction between *business* and *industry*. Industry is the physical mechanism by which goods are produced and distributed—the fields, factories, transportation systems, warehouses, retail stores. Its servants are the men and women who handle the machines, the tools, the raw materials, and the finished goods. Business and finance, on the other hand, are the paper shadows above this underlying structure of steel, kilowatts, acres, yards, and tons. Business deals primarily in terms of price rather than in foot pounds. Its field is the money and credit structure—a fearful and wonderful edifice, compounded of statute law, custom, astute brigandage, and sheer inertia; nine parts metaphysical in that it bears no fixed relation to the laws of physics and chemistry which govern industry, and now grown so complicated that no man knows what to expect from it next. Who will trace the curve for the coming year on the New York stock exchange or give any dependable date for the next business depression? Industry is a matter of engineering and applied science; business is a matter of guess work, speculation, and rule of thumb. It is, accordingly, far more exhilarating than industry, and has become the greatest game—played for the highest stakes—on earth.

Whether this game has brought about any improvements in the lot of the wayfaring man in recent years, I do not know. It is too tortuous a road to follow. I profoundly doubt, however, whether the money and credit structure running largely wild as it does at present—consider the way it picked the State of Florida out of the Gulf of Mexico, bore it to the clouds, and then dashed it down on its face to break into a thousand fragments—I profoundly doubt if it can bring any permanent amelioration to the lot of the average citizen. It must be controlled and roughly geared to the physical performance of industry before we can expect much from it save booms, smashes, outrageous profits, needless and tragic processions of insolvencies. One or two commendable features in the direction of such control will presently be noted. But of business, the resplendent anarch, I neither hope much nor am able to record anything in the way of tangible social achievement.

Business at once stimulates industry and then throttles it. The present industrial structure in America could double the standard of living if business would allow it a free hand. But half our plant capacity is always idle on the average, while the load of competitive cross hauling and high pressure distribution is appalling. Of the dollar which we pay as consumers for oil heaters, vacuum cleaners, washing machines and other electrical labor-saving devices, only 35 cents goes to the producer, while the distributor uses up 65 cents in advertising, canvassing, and the higher salesmanship generally.

If we widen the definition of business to include industry it is possible to identify and to record a number of significant gains which have accrued to the common citizen in recent years. Perhaps no better account of them is to be found than in Dr. Tugwell's *Industry's Coming of Age*, from which many of the following figures are taken.

* Seventh in a series of articles on "Recent Gains in American Civilization."
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American industry, partly encouraged by business enterprise, partly in spite of the attempts of business men to sabotage a free productive flow, has been throwing out a constantly increasing stream of goods—a stream which, since the depression of 1921, has been growing consistently faster than population has been growing. As a result, there is more to go round than there used to be, real wages have definitely increased, the standard of living of the American people has gone up. There is no blinking this cardinal fact.

Let population and industrial production by weight be represented each by an index number of 100 in 1914. Today population will stand at 117, while production will stand at 135. Since 1914 the stream of goods has been increasing twice as fast as population has increased. Meanwhile at the present time our farms are producing 13 per cent more with approximately the same man power that was employed in 1914. Our railroads are carrying 22 per cent more traffic by weight with no increase in man power. Meanwhile there is over three times as much electrical energy at work as there was in 1914.

If we represent the output per man hour in various industries as 100 in 1913, the output by 1925 had grown as follows:

Steel	153	Petroleum refining	177
Automobiles	310	Rubber tires	311
Cement	158	Flour milling	139
Leather	128		

The same number of men can now make over three times as many automobiles and tires as they could in 1913. They can produce three tons of steel where they formerly could produce but two. They can refine seven barrels of oil as against four in 1913. In nearly every branch of industry, the same phenomenal growth in output per man hour is to be noted—from 25 to 200 per cent more than was the case a dozen years ago. In a few specialized industries, the increase will run into thousands of per cent increase. The bulk of the increase, furthermore, has come since 1920. The war, the final acceptance of the principles of scientific management (and bitterly they were opposed when Frederick Taylor first laid them down), the demand for motor cars, the opportunity furnished by the collapse of European industry after 1918—a score of things—have contributed to this phenomenon. Dr. Tugwell believes that it marks a new industrial revolution, as important in its way as the introduction of steam power, 150 years ago. Perhaps he is right.

A DRASTIC increase in production per man hour is significant and important, but it means nothing in terms of human welfare unless it can be demonstrated that it has resulted in a relatively greater total volume of goods and that this volume is not flowing exclusively to the rich or into ships for export, but is coming, in part at least, to strengthen the budget of the wayfaring man. This fact can be demonstrated. If we take the income per gainfully employed worker in the United States as 100 in 1910, his average income in subsequent years may be expressed as follows—*using 1913 dollars throughout the calculation:*

1910	100	1923	134
1915	102	1924	135
1920	109	1925	140
1921	107	1926	143
1922	118		

The figure for 1926 is based on a national income of $89,682,000,000 dividend by 44,600,000 persons gainfully employed (about $2,000 each), and then reduced to an index number cast in 1913 dollars.

It is highly improbable that the average working class family is now 43 per cent better off in terms of food, shelter, clothing and comforts than it was in 1910, but we know from other careful statistical studies that neither the rich nor the export trade can account for the total increase. We know from careful wage studies that real wages have been increasing. A considerable share of the new river of production is flowing in the direction of the average man. If he is a farmer, he has not received much of it; if he is a textile worker or a bituminous coal miner, he has not received much of it, but if he is an automobile worker, a building trades employee, a salesman, or connected with many other occupations, he has slightly more necessities and a number of more comforts and luxuries than he had in 1910. One only needs to remember that there are some 25 million motor cars in operation in the United States to drive this point home.

INDUSTRY has given the average citizen more things. He is materially better off than he was ten years ago. This is the first and greatest gain which we have to record.

How much happier these things have made him is, of course, another question. For the skilled workers, the clerks, and the middle classes generally, they have operated to intensify the struggle of keeping up with the Joneses—aided and abetted by the massed forces of advertising, directed by skilled psychologists. Today one feels naked without silk stockings, lipstick, a manicure set, a permanent wave, Arrow collars, Fisher bodies, a radio, a copy of *The Story of Philosophy,* a cocktail shaker, a gasoline cigarette lighter, and a membership in the Elks. We have bathrooms loaded down with toothpowders, dental floss, shaving creams, bath salts, patent sprinklers, old safety razor blades, germ destroyers, and lotions guaranteed to increase our popularity at dances—but just how much more cubic space we have to live in since 1914 is not so clear. We have more clothes—at least we men have—but they go out of style faster, and their quality is adjusted to the

tyle shift rather than to durability. Business has deberately introduced a high factor of obsolescence into ll manner of consumer goods in order to stimulate urnover. Meanwhile how much of this increased volme of goods, which we undoubtedly get, is composed f really useful and satisfying products, and how much s artfully sold junk to titivate the essential monkey in s, remains an open question.

But making all due allowance for a vast increase in unk piles, in conspicuous consumption, in buying to est the Joneses, in manhandling good timber and good ron ore in a thousand vulgar, useless ways—the stubborn fact remains that the American standard of living as gone up, and the pressure of stark economic necesity has been appreciably relieved. Two-thirds of all American families still live in relative poverty, slums ontinue to flourish, but the wolf is back of the garage nstead of at the kitchen door.

A SECOND major gain is the fact that coincident with an increase in industrial output, hours of abor are steadily tending downward. Eight hours is ow the almost universal rule in industry—following he recent capitulation of the United States Steel Corporation. Some manufacturers, led by Henry Ford, are advocating and operating upon the five-day week. What, indeed, is left of the lofty moral case of the Victorian man of business who kept his employees laboring to all hours of the night to keep them out of mischief? Where are the proverbs of Satan and the Idle Hands? Nowadays the right of the working man o a certain amount of leisure is an accepted principle. It does not do perhaps to speculate upon how far that acceptance has been won because engineers have found that as much output can be produced in eight hours as in ten or twelve, while the loss due from industrial accidents at the peak of fatigue at the close of day is very much diminished. In other words, the eight hour day is not only more human—it pays. After one hundred years of a mulish defiance of this principle, business is beginning to accept it on a very wide scale in America. The gain in social welfare is undeniable.

THIRDLY, we have to note certain ameliorating trends in the status of women and children in industry. Child labor relative to the population steadily declines—though the number which remain is needlessly and outrageously large. Meanwhile a curious and significant shift is taking place in the employment of women in industry. They are going out of hard manual agricultural work and factory work, where biologically they do not belong, and entering clerical and light manufacturing positions which are far better adapted to their basic needs. "Where have women gone? . . . the principal increase is to be found in a grouping called 'public service and professions,' where the percentage rose from 19 to 28 in the ten years between censuses. Those employed in factories dropped from 14 to 10 per cent of the total employed between 1910 and 1920. These figures show that women are not being forced into more and more routinized occupations, but are rapidly increasing in those occupations which offer them the greatest possibilities for the employment of their utmost capabilities." [1]

THERE has been, in the fourth place, a marked improvement in working conditions inside of factories and a wide extension of so-called welfare work both inside and outside a given industrial plant. Factories are being built with more windows, with better lighting facilities, with benches and seats more adapted to human beings rather than to dwarfs and giants, with safety guards on dangerous machinery, with ventilating systems, with temperature control, with noise and sound control devices, with better sanitary and toilet equipment. Like the reduction of hours, these measures have been promoted less by virtue of their common humanity than the fact that they operate to increase output and pay dividends. But our task is not to assess motives but to chronicle tangible achievements. Whatever the reasons, the fact is that workers in factories, mines, railways, steamships, offices, have, on the average, better—or less evil, as you choose —working quarters than they had ten years ago, even five years ago. They have more light, air, cleanliness, comfort. This is a real gain from the human standpoint.

In respect to the increase in welfare work, the case is not so clear. How shall we appraise these restaurants, libraries, club rooms, ball fields, house organs, glee clubs, insurance schemes, company housing developments? That such things are often good in themselves is not to be denied. In Russia, under a communist government, we find them in operation on a very extensive scale. But in Russia they are run by the trade unions, while in America they are run by the corporation. The physical fact is often the same in both cases. But the spiritual fact is utterly different. One is handed down from the top and may be revised or annulled at a moment's notice. Often welfare work is substituted for gunmen and spies as a device to discourage unionization. It is cheaper and more effective. In its operation the participants are severely limited in their functions. They are objects of benevolence or strategy, as the case may be. In Russia, the participants run the welfare organization. It is theirs; it cannot be taken away from them; if there is any amending to be done, they do it. The gain in both self-respect and the true enjoyment of the facilities is enormous. I must—perversely if you will—place a question mark

[1] *Industry's Coming of Age.* R. G. Tugwell, p. 104.

over the real gain in human welfare which comes from corporation welfare work in American industry. For the children of workers who share in the better housing, the playgrounds, the swimming pools, perhaps a real gain is to be noted. For the adults, as free citizens, the point is dubious.

IN the fifth place we have to record a number of improvements in the technical operation of industry which operate to reduce waste, friction and loss. The effect of these improvements on the average citizen is not directly measurable, but in the long run they tend to reduce costs and prices and so find their way into the family budget.

There is, for instance, a growing tendency in industry to promote members of the managing staff on the basis of merit and ability rather than on the basis of seniority and pull. There is sound work being done in adjusting jobs to workers, following biological and psychological studies in rhythm, muscular coordination, the chemistry of fatigue. There is more and more standardization being introduced into grading raw materials, and into all sorts of intermediate industrial processes. Standardization of products for ultimate consumption is often an unmitigated curse, but as Mrs. Carleton Parker has said: "The nation as a whole would suffer no great psychological repression if everyone had to use all 21-inch sewer pipes instead of some 22-inch pipes, but I don't want all ladies wearing the same hats."

There is less trade secrecy and more exchange of technical information than there used to be. There is a far greater readiness to scrap obsolete plants and machinery. There is more hand to mouth buying, resulting in smaller inventories and less speculation and loss. Henry Ford turns raw coal and iron into finished motor cars in 24 hours, and thus avoids sinking his capital into great stocks of inventories. His example is being extensively imitated. There is more preplanning, budgeting, cost control, in industry.

FINALLY, in the words of Dr. Tugwell: "We have developed a fairly definite idea that an employer's business is to eliminate work." The conception of the employer as a philanthropist who provides work for an otherwise helpless population is rapidly going out of fashion in America. It is a welcome shift in style.

So much for tangible performance. American industry, with or without the assistance of American business as the case may be, has in the past few years increased production, increased the real wages of the wayfaring man, reduced the hours of labor, made inroads on the blight of child labor, adjusted for the better the position of women in industry, improved working conditions in the shop, and introduced an energetic campaign against industrial waste and loss.

WE have now to record a somewhat different group of phenomena which might be called potential gains. The group is made up of certain theories which the world of business and industry is just beginning to experiment with, and which have not as yet been through the fire of experience. Whether they will add to human welfare we do not know, but in theory they have much to recommend them.

The first item is rather more than a theory. The Federal Reserve System as a part of the law of the land is in actual operation. But it has not been in operation long enough to tell whether it is sufficiently powerful to break the downward swing of the business cycle, and so banish severe depressions with their ghastly aftermath of human misery. The theory of the Federal Reserve System is that its member banks by arbitrarily moving the rediscount rate for commercial loans up or down, can throw credit to the financial structure when a depression threatens or discourage over-expansion when a boom is in the wind. Thus instead of violent fluctuations, we shall have only moderate fluctuations, and the dizzy psychological rush downhill as credit tightens and freezes will be forever stopped. Will it? Nobody really knows. But we can say with assurance two things. First, that the Federal Reserve System has a good fighting chance of checking business panics; and second, that it is a very important move in the direction of trying to make business conform to the underlying realities of industry. It is an attempt to force a certain amount of national coordination into the anarchy of business. It is a warning to the speculator and the profiteer that the needs of industry come first.

There is a new phrase abroad: "The economy of high wages." Ford probably invented it. He was the first man to practice it. A handful of manufacturers are following him in practicing it because they honestly believe this strange—to a Victorian, almost blasphemous—theory. A great many more manufacturers are talking about it, half believe it, but on a pinch they could safely be counted upon to take to cover like frightened rabbits. The theory is simple and logical. Messrs. Foster and Catchings will give you the fullest of details. Why do we have depressions; why is industry perpetually on half time; why do we not secure the full benefit of the machine technique? Because not enough purchasing power is released in the form of wages to buy back the goods which the machines are capable of producing. Therefore build up purchasing power; keep wages high, and move them higher with every increase in productive efficiency. This will provide the buying power to stimulate sales, keep turnover at a maximum, lower overhead costs, maintain good margins of profit, and so force the whole industrial structure to function steadily and efficiently.

The theory is significant in that it makes the indi-

idual business man see over the top of his own payroll. t makes him think in terms of all industry, aye, in erms of social welfare, as well as in the time honored erms of his profit and loss account. It gives him a hove toward coöperation and a sense of state; lifts im out of his own back yard—and if widely believed nd acted upon would do more than any other one hing to break the strangle hold of business upon industry and liberate the machine for the productive use of man. But two centuries of believing that the lower the wages the higher the profits for *me* are not to be overturned by a little puff of three or four years of prosperity. The economy of high wages is mostly talk. Talk is cheap, particularly when profits are holding up well. Let a real depression set in, and with the lamentable collapse of the Federal Reserve System as a hoped for deterrent would go an even more lamentable collapse of the high wages theory. Payroll rates would be slashed as prices fell, and unions which tried to maintain the old scale would be caught as of yore—red-handed with orders from Moscow.

Finally, we have to chronicle an even more vague and hypothetical phenomenon, but one, if it can ultimately be substantiated, of the first importance. Mr. J. M. Keynes, the noted British economist, traced its first faint outlines. "One of the most interesting and unnoticed developments of recent decades has been the tendency of big enterprise to socialize itself. A point arrives in the growth of a big institution—particularly a big railway or public utility enterprise—at which the owners of the capital, the shareholders, are almost entirely dissociated from the management, with the result that the direct personal interest of the latter in the making of great profit becomes quite secondary. When this stage is reached, the general stability and reputation of the institution are more considered by the management than the maximum of profit for the shareholders. The shareholders must be satisfied by conventionally adequate dividends; but once this is secured, the direct interest of the management often consists in avoiding criticism from the public and from the customers of the concern. This is particularly the case if their great size or semi-monopolistic position renders them conspicuous in the public eye and vulnerable to public attack."[2]

These words may be prophetic. The drift in America is toward greater and greater combinations, in which the stockholder has increasingly less interest and less control. The old captain of industry, the entrepreneur, running his own business in his own way, is a dying hero. And with his expiring gasps the whole system of laissez faire, of individual initiative, begins to crumble. With the keystone gone, how shall the arch stand up? Without the individual drive for profits, with the bulk of industry in the hands of salaried managers who have no direct interest in profits . . . we have a fleeting picture of a series of gigantic trusts no longer devoted to rapaciousness, no longer daring to be whole-heartedly rapacious—as Harriman, Gould, and Armour were rapacious. Bigger, yet weaker vessels, ripe for public regulation—perhaps even for public ownership . . . great public trusts—not so very different in function from the semi-independent government trusts which operate Russian industry today.

The picture fades. Before the retina come swarming Messrs. Reed and Dillon, Mr. Harry Sinclair, the higher jiu jitsu of the power crowd—a hundred figures to declare in stalwart terms that rapaciousness will never die, that the lofty principles of economic tooth and claw remain forever pure and undefiled. The picture fades and flickers out, but in the middle of the night, as one lies thinking, it has a habit of coming into focus again. With Mr. Hoover in tears, with Mr. Ivy Lee completely prostrated, with every Chamber of Commerce in the land draped in black, industry might just take that turn . . . just possibly might. And that would be a gain indeed!

EVERY element of gain, actual or potential, in industry and business which has been mentioned above, save the last, is largely dependent upon the business cycle for its maintenance. In prosperous years, the psychology of improvement, of tolerance, or generosity is given free play. In years of depression, I can only believe these forward steps would summarily be liquidated—all but the picture which Mr. Keynes has painted, if it be a picture at all. These gains hang poised on the brink of the curve of depression. Another 1907, and they would be dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

But the honest student, no matter how radical, must admit that these gains are provable facts today, even as the honest student, however conservative, must admit the precarious nature of their status. There is as yet no organized movement, either of labor, of the consumer, or of the common citizen, strong enough to hold the outposts which industry, in its few years of prosperity, has almost gratuitously flung forth.

[2] *Laissez Faire and Communism.* J. M. Keynes, p. 61.

Grounds for Pacifism

The following statement is one of a series we are reprinting from a symposium issued in England by the No More War Movement, giving reasons for faith in that movement's drastic opposition to war.

Because it implies an active and not a negative pacifism. The definite pledge that binds its members is not one to be lightly made or lightly broken; and the existence of such a body of men and women is an educational power between wars, and serves as a perpetual discouragement of the forces that lead to war.—EVELYN SHARP, *Authoress and Journalist.*

Not in the Headlines

AGNES A. SHARP

Help the Miners

150,000 miners are on strike in the United States. They and their families need help—food, clothing, shelter. The non-partisan Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief has been called into action to provide direct relief to the miners in all striking areas.

Norway Has Labor Cabinet

The first Labor Government in the history of Norway has been constituted under the premiership of Christopher Hornsrud, vice-chairman of the Parliamentary Labor Party Group. Hornsrud is a farmer and newspaper editor. The new Cabinet becomes entirely dependent upon the Conservatives, because the Labor Party, although the most powerful in the Storting, has not a majority if the bourgois parties combine against it. The program of the new government includes a proposal not to hold military training this year and a declaration in favor of ultimate complete disarmament. Though, as we go to press, the Labor party has been ousted it is seeking to form a new Labor Cabinet.

British for Peace in Industry

For fully a quarter of a century the relations between British employers and British employees have been marked by continued friction and animosities which have proved destructive to both profits and a high wage scale. From 1900 to 1925 strikes and lockouts caused Great Britain the loss of 327,000,000 working days, the general strike of 1926 adding 100,000,000 more to that figure. Labor and capital were hostile to each other, uncompromising, and apparently indisposed to recognize that, as is being more widely demonstrated today, their interests are much in common. Both British industry and British labor have been suffering heavily. This step toward co-operation represents 4,000,000 workers, and has the approval of the general council of the Trade Union Congress. It likewise represents 40 employers, controlling 159 concerns with a total capital of £1,000,000,000.

Organized Labor Would Check Tipping

The question of the desirability of abolishing the tipping system is receiving the attention of the trades. Conspicuous among these are the so-called "personal service" occupations—those of the Pullman porters, waiters and waitresses, chauffeurs and hack drivers, barbers, employes of beauty parlors, etc. In all of these the union has given serious consideration to the question, and in most instances the conclusion has been unfavorable to the continuance of the system. Especially is this likely to be true as the union gains in power and inclusiveness in its field. A basic wage sufficient to maintain the worker and his family in moderate comfort is the main objective of all trade unions, and the union is aware that in any occupation in which tipping is prevalent or customary the fact that the worker is the recipient of gratuities is one of the main obstacles to the securing of the basic wage.

Stockholm Abolishes Tips

The Grand Hotel in Stockholm a year or so ago abolished the tipping system and added instead a certain percentage for service on the bills presented. Recently 11 of the largest hotels in the Swedish capital prohibited the tipping system and instituted a 20 per cent addition to guests' accounts with suitable reduction for stays of long duration. This 20 per cent is to be divided among the personnel, and tends to make the earnings of the staff more regular.

Navy's Building Program

An increase in the enlisted strength of the Navy of 20,000 men and in the commissioned strength of 825 officers will be required to man the 33 new 10,000-ton cruisers that would be added to the fleet under the Navy's building program, including eight already under construction, Rear Admiral J. D. Beuret has informed the House Committee on Naval Affairs.

Incentives for War Inventions

The Army and Navy favor legislation which will encourage officers and enlisted men to develop inventions that will be of use to the Government, Colonel Joseph I. McMullin stated before the House Committee on Patents.

American Legion Has A Good Plan

The American Legion has before it a plan to have the U. S. devote part of its war debt returns to finance international education scholarships by which students from many different nations would be enabled to exchange their educational advantages with their fellow students in other countries.

Great Britain's Peace Crusade

The people of Great Britain have been greatly stirred by the six months' peace crusade undertaken by the churches of that country. The challenge of world peace has been lifted high before the people of England, Scotland and Wales, with remarkable results. Everywhere the church was called upon for leadership in the crusade to abolish war. The name of the Rev. F. W. Norwood, minister of the City Temple, London, will long be associated with this peace education movement. Dr. Norwood spoke in more than 250 peace meetings over a period of six months in every nook and corner of the island empire. His hearers numbered more than 200,000. In Glasgow the crowd is reported to have overtaxed the capacity of St. Andrew's Hall. In Wales only a few buildings were found to be large enough to accommodate the throngs who waited upon Dr. Norwood's words. Among his hearers were Liberals and Conservatives, ecclesiastics of all communions, lords and laborers, Socialists, generals, admirals and extreme pacifists.

A Try at Peace and Justice with Sandino

JOHN NEVIN SAYRE

"IT wouldn't be any fun for Sandino to capture a Quaker," we said, "and we are as ready as the Marines to take personal risks for our country and our cause."

"But I can't let you go," said the United States Chargé d'Affaires in the Legation at Managua. "You don't understand the risks, and the chance of your influencing Sandino is too slight."

Thus a sincere difference of viewpoint blocked an experiment for peace in Nicaragua. It was not surprising and the four of us who had our plan turned down are not sore at the man who did it. He may have saved our lives; and yet we think what we attempted was not foolish, but wise, and that it would profit our world if governments would allow and help forward experiments in solving conflict through methods which eschew all violence. Perhaps also an endeavor like ours may stir thinking among the churches. Have they resources, unknown to governments, which could be used in situations of strife? I believe such resources are available, but here now is our story.

The Fellowship of Reconciliation was much troubled last year over the military intervention of the United States in Nicaragua. At the annual conference of the Fellowship the theme chosen was Imperialism and Mr. Toribio Tijerino who had been Consul General of Nicaragua in the Eastern United States and Financial Agent of the Nicaraguan government, was asked to address the conference on the subject "The Creation of Fellowshp with Latin America." When at the last moment he was prevented from coming, his friend Mr. Salomon de la Selva, came, read his address and participated in the discussion.

Soon after this, the Nicaraguan Federation of Labor, through Mr. de la Selva, its secretary, invited the Fellowship of Reconciliation to send a commission to Nicaragua to study conditions. A hope was also expressed that possibly such a commission from the Fellowship, which had all along opposed the use of armed force by the United States in Nicaragua, might be able to interview General Augusto Sandino, the Nicaraguan insurgent, and that he might be willing to make some proposal in the direction of peace. At the moment his soldiers and the Marines were deadlocked by tropical rains, but what would happen when the rains stopped and the roads became passable? An invitation to share in the peace enterprise was extended likewise to the American Friends Service Committee, which had done such valiant work in Germany following the war.

After careful consideration this Commttee and the Fellowship of Reconciliation decided to send a mission of good will to the five republics of Central America. It was felt that we ought to do this irrespective of whether it might be possible or not to effect peace in the warfare with Sandino. In order to assure the Mission complete independence its expenses were provided by the two peace groups who were sending it and there were no commitments to the Nicaraguan Federation of Labor or any other body. Professor Elbert Russell of Duke University, Miss Carolena Wood of New York, Robert Jones of Chicago and the writer were appointed for the work. We sailed from New Orleans the eighteenth of last November.

AFTER interesting visits to the capital cities of Guatemala, El Salvador and Honduras, where we sought to give our message of friendship and peace, we crossed into Nicaragua on December 10, and were welcomed at the railroad station at Leon by a delegation of twenty or more members from the Nicaraguan Federation of Labor. After two meetings the next day, in which they and we spoke out what was in our hearts, we were informed that a letter had been sent about eight days before to General Sandino telling him of our expected arrival and asking if a conference between us could be held. We were told that enough time had not elapsed for a reply to have come from him, but certain of the leaders of the Federation of Labor were willing to go with us and add their persuasions in talks with Sandino if they could be given safe conduct through the territory controlled by the Marines and the Nicaraguan National Guard. This guard is a native constabulary, armed, trained for battle and officered by Uncle Sam's soldiers.

The evening before we left a plea was uttered that brought us close to the human realities involved by "intervention." A slight looking little brown man with Indian face, grizzled hair turning gray, thick lips, firm mouth and eyes that saw through half closed lids was speaking. After saying that he had information that the Marines and National Guard were closing in on Sandino and that they would attack and try to finish him off about the first of January, the speaker, with evident embarrassment, said to us in low voiced sentences:

"Could you ask the American Colonel to hold back from the fight against Sandino a particular company of the National Guard in which my son is serving? The mother is very anxious. It is the mother that wanted me to say this to you. It is the mother that asks. Please do this for the mother."

Carolena Wood answered with gentle words and a

cheering smile that our aim was to stop all from fighting. "There are other mothers, too, who are anxious for their sons, mothers of Nicaragua, and . . . even mothers of the Marines." She smiled, the others smiled, but the man who had spoken did not smile. There was silence; then slow pain in his face.

Two days later in the Legation at Managua we explained our plan to Dr. Dana Munroe, the United States Chargé d'Affaires. In brief it boiled down to the following propositions:

1. We think that the United States ought not to wage more war with Sandino, but, at least before the Marines resume active military operations (it was then about six months since these operations had been suspended owing to the impassability of roads in the Nicaraguan rainy season), a determined attempt should be made to settle the contentions between Sandino and our government by peaceful procedure.

2. In view of the approaching Pan-American Congress at Havana, where President Coolidge is apparently anxious to assure Latin America of the sincere and disinterested friendship of the United States, it would be most unfortunate if a military engagement resulting in loss of life should occur with Sandino's forces at this time.

3. Meanwhile we are here, having come all the distance from New York, and our purpose is to go into the mountains to see Sandino and find out if a bridge of peace and understanding cannot be built between him and the United States. We represent two peace societies which have had actual and successful experience in reconciling divergent groups in Europe after the World War. We wish to know what are the most generous terms on which our Government would consider making peace with Sandino. And we wish to know from him exactly what he believes he is contending for and what are the most generous conditions on which he could agree to peaceful settlement.

4. We believe it would be well if the first concession could come from the United States. Could it say, for instance, that it was ready to have some distinguished Latin Americans from states outside of Nicaragua share in the supervising of the 1928 elections, so that real or supposed special interests of North American imperialism should not dominate the Nicaraguan elections? Or could some hope be given that General McCoy, who was soon to arrive as the special representative of President Coolidge, would be willing to meet with Sandino, give him personal assurance about the elections and endeavor to arrange for the cessation of fighting? In behalf of peace it seems to us that the United States can well afford to make an initial friendly move, but even if this is considered impossible, our Mission still expects to go to Sandino.

5. We are in touch with friends of Sandino who are ready to guide us to his vicinity and then go to him and, if he is willing, arrange for a meeting with us at some designated place. We will go entirely unarmed and wish for no escort, protection or rescue by the Marines.

6. We ask that the Marines do not interfere with our going. We ask also for safe conduct for our Nicaraguan guides through the military zone now held by United States troops and the Nicaraguan National Guard, which they control.

Dr. Munroe was gracious in hearing us but entirely firm in disapproving of our project. His position was that we had no conception of the real dangers attaching to our proposal. He feared that Sandino would capture us, hold us as hostages and thus cause further trouble in relations with the United States. He said that Sandino cared principally for personal publicity and would seize at the chance of grabbing four Americans, putting himself on the front pages of the newspapers and holding us as a shield against possible attack by our Marines. Indeed, our going to Sandino might force the military action against him which we were trying to ward off. Because, whether we wished it or not, the United States would have to move to rescue us. Thus we would endanger the lives of American Marines and add a new complication to our policy in the Caribbean. Dr. Munroe admitted that it would be very desirable if a real settlement could be reached with Sandino by a peaceful method. He said one such attempt had been made last May but that it had failed. He doubted if Sandino would listen to any peace proposals now. It was probably best to finish him once and for all; otherwise, he might make more trouble later. In a word, the probabilities of our Mission's succeeding were very slight, the probabilities of dangerous complications were very great. Therefore he, in representing our government, could not take the responsibility of letting us go into the Sandino country.

THIS authoritative ban on our proposal seemed almost to close the door on our hopes, but just then letters reached us for which we had been hoping; letters of introduction from Mr. Socrates Sandino to his brother, General Sandino, and to his father, Gregorio Sandino, a merchant who lived in a little town not far from Managua. Before leaving New York Miss Wood and I had called on Socrates Sandino, who was then in Brooklyn, and explained our mission to him. Now, just at a critical moment, came letters from him giving us *entrée* to the Sandino family circle.

We went at once to Niquinohomo, the village where Sandino's father lived. He is the principal man of the place there, owning a store and some coffee property and has been mayor. We presented the letter from his son and told him about our aims. Gregorio

Sandino replied that he had gone into the mountains to see General Sandino last May, that he had had a long conference with him but that at the conclusion his son had said he would resist the invasion of Nicaraguan soil by United States soldiers to the end and he would probably die in that attempt, and so they would not see each other again. Therefore Gregorio Sandino feared it would be useless for us to talk with the General. However, he was moved by our having come so many thousand miles in our effort for justice and peace and he saw the force of our argument that in the six months which had intervened since May a number of things might have occurred to alter General Sandino's position. We told him, of course, what Dr. Munroe had said. He repudiated the suggestion that his son would "capture" us or play unfair, if he had assurance that we were not spies and if he sent word that he would be willing to see us. We asked Gregorio Sandino to go with us and guide us to his son provided we could persuade Dr. Munroe to give permission. Finally Gregorio Sandino agreed if certain conditions could be fulfilled. They were:

1. Assurance of American authorities that his property and the persons of his immediate relatives at Niquinohomo would not be attacked or disturbed; 2. Permission for him to send a telegram to General Sandino's wife at San Rafael del Norte, asking her to send a messenger to General Sandino to inquire if he would not be willing to meet with us; 3. Receipt of a favorable reply; 4. Permission from military headquarters for Gregorio Sandino to go through the American occupied zone.

Strengthened by this new prospect of an effective approach to Sandino, we returned to Managua and put the case to Dr. Munroe afresh, telling him about our conversation with Gregorio Sandino and what he was willing to do. We were disappointed to find that even the assurance that Sandino's father would go with us made no change in Dr. Munroe's objections. We went then to Colonel Mason Gulick, Commander of the Marines. Colonel Gulick denounced Sandino as a bandit, degenerate and companion of Villa, but, after our continued pleading, let us understand that it would be possible for Sandino's father to telegraph any message he pleased to Señora Sandino at San Rafael. He said further that we could go to Jinotega, a town on the southern edge of the military zone, 150 miles north of Managua and 21 miles south of San Rafael del Norte. He said that if a favorable answer came to the telegram Gregorio Sandino could go through the American zone and probably Señora Sandino could come to us at Jinotega. He made clear, on the other hand, that American military operations were now in progress and he would not delay them.

This interview occurred on December 20th. The next morning we went back to see Gregorio Sandino, who then sent a telegram to Señora Sandino at San Rafael. No reply arrived from her, and meanwhile it was common gossip at Managua that a military push was about to be executed against Sandino, perhaps on Christmas or the New Year, when his men would be "celebrating." So on December 24th we decided to wait no longer but to go at least as far as Jinotega—since that had not been forbidden. It could be reached in a day by automobile, and we hoped that there we might chance on some way to help.

On Christmas morning, while it was still dark, we started in a hired automobile. The Southern Cross hung in the sky and a star which shone brighter than any of the other stars—which made us think of the Star of Bethlehem. On the road in front were moving points of fire—the eyes of nighthawks reflecting to the lights of our speeding car. Then day came and we got to the end of the good road, and we had . . . bumps. I have never seen a rougher, more deeply rutted, stony and difficult road for an automobile to travel. Over some stretches ten miles an hour was nature's limit of speed.

Around one o'clock we snapped the front axle and off came a wheel. We were many miles from any garage, but our driver's assistant started to walk fifteen miles to Matagalpa, from where he would telegraph back to Managua for a new car and spare parts for our crippled machine. We ate Christmas dinner consisting of a delicious pineapple and eggs. About three o'clock an unexpected car came along. We stopped it and persuaded the driver to take us to Matagalpa. We arrived soon after four at this little town in a charming location four thousand feet above sea level, surrounded by mountains, with clear, cool atmosphere, a quaint church, a street or two of white houses and a comfortable little hotel. It was a good place to stop, get a real meal and spend the night.

That evening we decided that it would be necessary for our little party to divide. Dr. Russell had told us the day before that his trip to Jinotega involved an almost immediate return. He felt that he ought to press on to Costa Rica, investigate educational conditions there and get back to Duke University, as he had promised, on January 15th. To do this he had to sail on a steamer which left Corinto in a very few days. Carolena Wood decided to go with him. Robert Jones and I said that we would push north to Jinotega, and if possible find a way to se Señor Sandino at San Rafael. If no way opened to reach General Sandino we would then go overland by horseback to Costa Rica, and hoped we would be able to catch up with Carolena Wood in the Canal Zone or at Havana. Next day with mutual sorrow but with full understanding and agreement we parted. Jones and I took the mended automobile—it reached Matagalpa 27 hours after our breakdown—to Jinotega.

DEFENSE works of stone and a machine gun stripped for action stood outside of the Marines' Headquarters here when we called on the Captain next morning. He explained that he was ready in case Sandino should attack the town. This seemed, at the moment, unlikely. A column of our Marines, to the northeast, was advancing into Sandino territory; they would probably establish safe conditions in Quilali and push on to the capture of Sandino's stronghold on the mountain of El Chipote. The drive might begin today or it might be a little later. The column had gone up loaded with the stuff for action. Something should happen soon. Even as we talked we saw an aeroplane speeding resistlessly north.

But the Captain and his Chief Gunner were friendly fellows. We told them that we had come wishing to make peace with Sandino if that might be possible and to see if the threatened bloodshed between his men and ours could not be prevented. We said that we understood that Señora Sandino was at San Rafael del Norte and that we wished to go there to talk with her. The Captain said the road was open, but a fellow went at his own risk. He offered to call in the *Jefe Politico* (Political Chief), a former general in the Liberal Army, who knew Sandino, and to let us talk with him. He invited us to breakfast. After a bit the *Jefe Politico* arrived. We all talked and Jones and I got some immensely interesting facts.

We learned that there had been no telegraph connection with San Rafael del Norte for a month. Consequently, it was unlikely that Señora Sandino had received any message about us from Sandino's father. We found that Señora Sandino, former telegraph operator, was still in San Rafael, living with her mother, and that she could be seen there. San Rafael is 21 miles from Jinotega and the road, we learned, was passable on horseback, and Sandino and his soldiers had not been there for a number of months, and all this time people had gone back and forth in safety. Furthermore, the local police chief of San Rafael was in Jinotega that mornng; he could probably accompany us and show us the way to San Rafael. And we could hire two horses.

With such favoring conditions, no veto was put upon our going; of course we went. It was a beautiful ride through absolutely peaceful looking country. We saw coffee coming down on mule-back from Yali, sleek well fed cattle grazing in the road, and men, women, and children, even, going on foot or horseback where they would. The 27th of December, and yet it was a summer afternoon. We rode leisurely, conversing with our guide, the Police Chief. He was a fine, stalwart looking fellow. He carried at his side a conspicuous holster. It held two objects in plain view; a pistol, of course, and a tooth brush. Who says that even in the remotest corners of Nicaragua civilization is not penetrating?

Toward sundown we reached a turn where we saw a plain with the white fronted church and houses of San Rafael del Norte. A village of peace set in a circle of the hills. It looked altogether beautiful and infinitely removed from war. The sunset sky, the hills, a field of sugar cane, the walled cemetery, a cluster of houses and God's church.

That evening we talked to Doña Blanca Aronz de Sandino. She was a sensible looking young woman with bobbed hair, side combs, earrings and a short skirt. The telegraph wire entered above the front door of her house, but she said that the line had been out of commission for a month and she had received no message of any sort from Gregorio Sandino. Her mother, her aunt and the Police Chief listened in on our conversation.

We gave her a signed copy of Sr. Gregorio Sandino's telegram, also the letter of Socrates Sandino to his brother, also a letter of introduction from a merchant in Esteli, whom we had met in Leon, who was a friend of her family and approved of our mission. We talked as well as we could of why we had come and our deep desire to see her husband. We said that we did not wish him to cease contending for what he considered right, but we hoped that a better means of seeking his end could be substituted for the wasteful and delusive method of war. We asked if she could send a letter for us to Sandino. We looked at each other by the flickering light of the lamp on a table. She answerd, "Yes."

Next morning we put in her hands the letter, which we asked her first to read. She read it through, smiled, and said "Good." She promised to send it at once by a trusted messenger. She would send also the other letters we had given her. The earliest that any answer could come would be in six days—three days for the messenger to go to Sandino, three days for the messenger to return. The English translation of the letter we wrote was as follows:

San Rafael del Norte,
December 27, 1927.

General Augusto Sandino,
Dear Sir:

We are sending this letter to you as representatives of two peace societies in the United States which have sent us on a mission of friendship to Central America. The Fellowship of Reconciliation and the American Friends Service Committee, which are the organizations we represent, are made up of members who believe that human difficulties can be settled always by some method which is better than war and who themselves abstain from taking part in war. Some have themselves gone to prison or allowed themselves to be killed rather than to kill their fellowmen. This is a religious position with us, held to for more than two hundred years.

We wish you to know that we are against imperialism and in favor of independence, freedom, peace and happiness for Nicaragua. The democratic principles of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln are the Americanism in which we believe. We believe that these principles are irreconcilable with imperialism and that they are still the democratic guide which ought to be followed by every President and Congress of the United States in their dealings with every people.

With regard to the situation in Nicaragua, specifically, we have all this year urged non-interference by the United States in Nicaragua's political affairs, we have greatly desired a free election and peaceful arrangements in the settlement of Nicaragua's political controversies, we have asked for the withdrawal of United States marines, and we have sought to find ways for the creation of mutually helpful friendships between the peoples of both countries. Having thus for twelve months been constantly appealing to our own Government and to public opinion in our own country, we now have come to Nicaragua to find out if we could do anything helpful here. We wish to tell you what we have done and what we will continue to do, and also to present for your consideration certain aspects of the present situation which appear important to us.

First, we are practically certain that U. S. marines will not be withdrawn until there is cessation of the present fighting in Nicaragua. But as soon as there is cessation of banditry and of fighting there will be no reason nor excuse for the marines remaining here. We believe that then public opinion in the United States will demand their withdrawal, and we will ourselves do all that we can to hasten this day.

Second, we have been repeatedly assured by the highest United States authorities that they will do everything in their power to guarantee a fair and free election in Nicaragua in 1928. General McCoy is coming in January as the personal representative of President Coolidge for this express purpose. The eyes of our Congress will be watching what is done. We will pledge ourselves to watch and work for a free election.

Third, we think that no matter how bravely you might die in a final fight with the U. S. marines, the story of what you might do would be inevitably colored by the propaganda of war. You would be represented to the world by the press as a common bandit. As those who are fighting you control the telegraphs, radios and other machinery for news dissemination you would be photographed to the world as your enemies picture you. But if war ceases, military censorship is lifted and there is much more chance for truth to be known.

Fourth, the lives of yourself, your followers and of the U. S. marines are of value. They should not be sacrificed when it seems impossible that any practical or lasting good can come from this sacrifice.

When you add together the points we have just made, we hope you may agree with us that further fighting is not the right or effective way to accomplish any good for Nicaragua. If you should be willing now to contend for your ideals by a more constructive method than that of war and if you should wish to have our help in beginning negotiations for a fair and honorable peace, we should be very happy to ask the responsible authorities of the United States to meet you half way in this matter. We will do our utmost to secure fair play all around.

Your father, Sr. Gregorio Sandino, has promised us that he will go to see you personally and explain more fully all these matters if you send word that you are willing to confer for peace. Colonel Gulick, Commander of the marines, has assured us that safe conduct through the U. S. lines will be given your father, to go and to return, if he sets forth on this mission. On the other hand, we understand that there will be no present cessation of U. S. military operations. This fact plus the fact that we cannot ourselves stay indefinitely in Nicaragua will make clear the need of a speedy answer. Please let us hear from you by return messenger at once if this is at all possible. We ought to leave Nicaragua within the next ten days or two weeks and we shall not be able to stay beyond that time unless we receive some indication from you that our approach to you will meet with a sympathetic response on your part.

Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) JOHN NEVIN SAYRE, ROBERT C. JONES.

For the Mission of Friendship to Central America.

ON the second day after Señora Sandino took this letter from us the expected clash between the marines and Sandino's soldiers took place. Near Quilali the U. S. column was invading what Sandino considered was his territory. But to the U. S. authorities this defense was an attack, an ambush for the column. Five marines were killed and 23 wounded. Probably as many more Nicaraguans fell. Three days later another engagement with death and wounds occurred. So blood was spilled befor our letter could have reached Sandino. And to this day we have not had a reply.

After we returned from San Rafael, while we were waiting in Managua hoping for a favorable answer to our letter we considered whether in case it did come, we should still go back to Honduras and try this back door approach to Sandino. Some Nicaraguans with whom we talked thought that way would be open. But it would take perhaps a month and meanwhile U. S. aeroplanes and Marines would be pushing their man-hunt relentlessly. Therefore, we thought it best to appeal as fast as possible to Washington. We cabled the President and then took boat and horse—the quickest way—to Costa Rica, pressed on to Havana and then, Washington. To the State Department and Senators there, in less than two weeks from the time of our leaving Nicaragua, in person, we made our plea. To them we said, as we still say to all our countrymen who will listen:

"Irrespective of whether you think that Sandino is a bandit or a patriot or both, it is undeniable that he is a Nicaraguan fighting on his own soil against the soldiers of a power that is a foreign power in Nicaragua. To kill him is to light the fires of war passion and furnish a battle cry that will resound through Latin America. The United States will not make peace by shedding Nicaraguan blood. Do not exterminate Sandino."

Interferin'

OLIVE DARGAN

THERE is healing in the gold
Of the June afternoon.
I shall go bathing in the soft waves of the sun
Till my flesh is clear as a petal,
Tinted like a screen
Whitely veiling a lantern.
Then I shall float
To a shore of shadows,
Where the woods are cool as a nurse's hand,
And the birds are asleep with the leaves.

Where the road curves over the hill
The wayside is to have a new house.
As I near it, updrifting,
The builders have stopped pounding.
They hold their hammers and laugh
While the foreman slowly measures,
Laughing too, though his hand is steady.

Ha! This is the famous picture!
Not all of the jolly old workmen are dead!
The foreman is neat as a new widow,
And in his unschooled voice
Winds a superior, nonchalant pitch
That I have heard in the voice of another,
An aristocrat of the bench
Unofficially governing his State,
Who can tell as good a story as ever made echo
In the halls of gentle tyranny.

Nearer, I listen.—"they all came in
With their long hog-rifles,
And 'Cap'n,' they says, 'you wukkin niggahs heah?'
And Cap'n says 'Yeah!' 'Hell, you are!' they says.
'We give you a day and night to highball.
Get 'em out o' heah by sun-down to-morrow,
Er they'll have bullets to ride on.'
'They'll stay right heah,' says Cap'n.
'They're savin' me money, my lads!'
'All right fo' yoh whiskers,' they says,
And eases off quiet.

"Next night they's back and sung it with bullets.
Had the niggah tents full o' holes 'fore the
Cap'n could untie his eyelashes."
"Haw! haw! Started some jumpin' round there, I
reckon?"
"Jumpin'? They scattered like ants runnin' out of
a nest,
And no more sense than an ant's got, 'scusin' the
Bible.
Most of 'em ran into the creek
And drowned ever'thing but their noses.
It was gray March too, and the wind bitin' like a
mad rat.

Next day there was a sprinklin' o' niggahs all
over the county,
Some of 'em just about naked.
The sheriff and twenty-odd deppities
Took 'em up for roamin' around indecent,
And sent 'em to the road
Where they could earn their clo's,
With the stripes put on free."
"Haw! haw! haw!" rolled the chorus.
"Can't have niggahs interferin' with white men's jobs."

The measuring was finished.
"Back to the life, boys," said the foreman.
Pound! pound! pound!
Rang the hammers triumphant.

How the road hurries before me!
Too much haste for a warm day.

"Can't have niggahs interferin"—
"Interferin' "—

The long shadows reach out fragrantly.
O woods that send your breath to meet me!
Mine from old years!
I am back to the constancy of maples,
The proud comity of the oaks,
The surety of the great hemlock
Whose roots make a nest for me;
Where the moss is silent as peace,
Where the leaves stir only with the language of peace.

The hour in silver is set,
The silver of leaf-dusk afternoon,
The dwindling trails are strewn
With scattered jade and jet,
As though a careless forest queen
Had passed unseen.
The brook is a thread that sews
A garment musical, thinner than air,
For the silence to wear.
Silence that flows
Too keen, too nude,
Against the ear of solitude.

Here I will learn
How a world too worn
Takes rest. Multitudinous doors
Of quiet turn
On feathered hinges, letting me pass
Safe from the chores
Of nations and men in the making,
The endless raking
Of planets free from fen and morass
That interminable towers may climb
Into soul out of earth, into mind out of time.

Here I recover
The old, lost pledge.
The course of the Maker runs true.
From mind shining over
The infinite edge
To the lily-bell's pocket of blue,
Peace has taken the house
Of Creation's unrest;
No sound save her voice
From center to comb;
From the soul with no shadow confest,
To where, at my foot,
An ant finds the root
That is home.

I return by the unfinished house,
And serenity is in my step.
I can think smilingly
Of my turbulent gait only two hours past.
The tools are put away,
And the men, taking up the little tin pails
Holding scant scraps of dinner,
Pause for one more tale,
A last haw! haw!" before they part.

"Shore as guns, I saw it!"
A grayhaired workman is saying;
One who will be knocked off in a year or so,
Too slow for the job.
"Shore as guns, boys!
When they's buildin' the railroad out to Talassee.
A niggah tied to a log on a dump train.
They's goin' to roll him off passin' the river.
Turn him off with the dump.
An' him howlin' to God-a'mighty,
Beggin' him to cut the rope.
'Oh, white man's God,' he was cryin',
'Take keer of a poah niggah,
An' I'll work fo' yo' angels, God,
I'll do dah dirty work fo' a thousand years,
I'll do it fo' ebah an' ebah, O Lord,
If you'll save me from de ribah!'
An' his eyes wuh bugged out on a stem."

They didn't laugh that time.
They waited for somebody to speak.
And a lean man with his eyes set in black rings,
And no dinner pail on his arm,
Uncrooked the starved line of his mouth, and said
"We've got to protect our jobs."

I reach my cottage under the pine trees,
And the comforting click of my latch,
Canny and sure,
Clears my heart of the dolorous world.

The house holds a sweet withinness,
Like air after music;
But how small it has grown since morning!
I am pressed to the walls,
And retreat with invisible bruises
To the easy breadth of my garden,
That I share with a single star.

No blinds shut out my night;
The stare of day is over,
And drawn her hood.
Here thought, at rest from spur and hiss,
Gives over flight;
Here Peace may cover
The jungle trail of blood;
Where Earth a garden is,
And God her lover.

O, there be claws!
But this is rest;
To walk with Beauty, never lonely;
No urge beyond the pause
Beside her flowers drest
In starlight only.

Here Life may grow dispassionate
As Time; forget behind a little gate
The long way wet
With tears of man;
And I, because my feet
On scented walks tread with no scar,
Again rehearse
The illimitable escapade;
My soul persuade
Through space, and scan
The universe
From yonder high, undeviating star.

Pound! pound! pound!
There's trembling in the lofts of heaven;
A clang of broken orbits and a fall.

Pound! pound! pound!
"Can't have niggahs interferin'—interferin'—
Can't have niggahs interferin'—
Interferin'—"
Pound! pound! pound!
"Can't have niggahs interferin'—interferin'—
Can't have niggahs—niggahs—niggahs—"

Infinity deserts me,
Routed by a mere string of words.

In the house again
I am small enough for my little square room,
And I hug the walls about me,
But I shall have thorny dreams;
For a guest is with me,
And it is not the steady companion,
The imperturbable angel
Of Marcus Aurelius,—
Equanimity.

Building Tomorrow's World

Translating Our Loyalties

THE last fifteen years have seen the culmination of movements which have shattered the cement of the existing social fabric, drenched the world in blood, and burned up more of our life and treasure than ever before in history. The World War, with its toll of twenty-five million dead, from all causes, is a clear indication that our social structure must be reshaped if not revolutionized.

Now, religion and social science have long recognized this to be true: religion, because in analyzing the human character it has been constantly confronted with the bankruptcy of the self; science, because in studying the facts of human life it cannot escape the inefficiency of the social mechanism.

In the face of our high idealism what seems to be wrong with our American social structure? Is not our basic difficulty the marked difference between the ethics we flaunt before the world and our practice? "In theory I knew," says Dr. Dawson, the English divine, "that bank balances, newspaper publicity, the bubble thing called reputation, and the pride of possession were matters of insignificance, but actually they have been influential with me." There is a contrast between our Christian ideals and our performance record. We see this every day and it pervades all aspects of life.

When we turn to the world of commerce we find the same factor. Dr. Heermance of New Haven has painstakingly collected the ethical codes of scores of trade associations. He found thirty-seven references to the Golden Rule. There is a wide gap between these ideals and the practices of the individual firms.

In politics, each party insists that it is working solely for the public welfare at the same time it denounces its opponent for partisanship. A flash behind the scene now and then permits the public to witness the drama of one hundred thousand dollars being handed to a Cabinet officer in a suitcase or of the attempted bribery of juries.

Similarly in religion there is a divorce which is far too common between the pattern ideals of Jesus so clearly enunciated in the Sermon on the Mount and the life of the average church member. From time to time we see the tragic consequences of this divorce in the number of church members who become involved in questionable practices.

The experience of all the great prophetic leaders of the human race indicates the imperative necessity of faith and loyalty to a father God. No amount of "good works" can keep the individual at his best apart from a spiritual life. It seems probable that the really God-intoxicated man, the one who practices the presence of God, has a genuine advantage over the mere ethical humanist. On the other hand, it is easy to assume that we are "God's anointed." Rationalizations, stereotypes and psychoses are as prevalent in the realm of religion as in any other. Assuming we are trying to live close to the spiritual heart of the universe, our task as Christians is to practice the Christ way. This means that we must translate our loyalty into our daily performance record; our actual achievement must come near to our theoretical standard. The truth is that ever since the days of the Scribes and the Pharisees, when learned legalists wrote thick tomes about the many things which could not be done on the Sabbath, down through the period when a certain devout scholar wrote a large volume on how many angels could stand on the point of a needle, and until the present time, we have been too much concerned with theoretical rather than practical religion.

It is no easy task that confronts us. We have seen that in every department of life a dualism between theory and practice thrusts itself insistently forward to plague the earnest seeker after reality. What, then, are the steps which we must take to make our daily conduct our ideal standard? Millions of Americans have pledged their loyalty to the great pattern ideals which Jesus enunciated two thousand years ago and which have never been superseded; indeed, some would even have us believe that they have never been fully tried. How can we *live* the Jesus way? It is a fascinating adventure this: attempting actually to translate the dream ideal of Jesus for a better world into the

complex nexus of forces good and bad which make up our twentieth century. Yet unless we attempt it we are worse than cowards—we are traitors, betrayers of Jesus Himself. May I present certain tentative conclusions which seem already to have demonstrated their reality?

FIRST of all, if any attempt of ours to better our performance record is to have hope of success, we must use the technique of *experimental truth finding*. This means reaching out for the new. The great modern institution of the public library was at one time a novel experiment. Nearly all the great advances in both the social and material sphere have come because men have been willing to break away from that which was supposed to be "part of the tried goodness of the ages," and have dared to make new experimental quests, frequently in the face of great opposition. The very nature of experimental truth-finding means that the abstract theory must be translated into the workable way. Indeed, the only justification for theory is that it may contribute toward practice.

Now, in the realm of religion and ethics experimental truth finding is just as necessary as in any other realm. No one can dogmatize even as to what form of spiritual experience is best. It is possible that one form may be necessary here and another there. To rest content with the old is not enough. Situations change, social cultures are dynamic, and new economic practices are born, which defy or make of naught the old moralities. We must experiment to discover the best method of meeting the new situation. The ideals and practices which squared in the day of the stage coach, the town meeting, and home industry are no longer applicable in the day of the airplane, the ward politician, and the factory employing ten thousand with an absentee directorate.

Honesty, truthfulness, generosity are standards which still need to be observed, but a man may be a model of virtue in all of these respects personally, and yet unconsciously violate all of them through the corporation in which he holds stock. It is the exceptional corporation today which is scrupulously honest in seeing that its employees receive every dollar in wages that they morally should have, that goes the second mile in the matter of its payroll. Not every concern is even reasonably truthful in all that it says through advertising. A man may be most generous with his income, giving away large sums, and yet be a hard bargainer with the public and with his own employees. To meet these changing needs, we must use the device of experimental truth-finding to discover how best to create a new social conscience which will deal as effectively with the new forms of corporate sin as the old standards dealt with the individual. Our age desperately needs leaders who will dare to challenge the accepted standards even if it means social crucifixion. It has ever been such prophets of the soul who have brought progress.

II

IN the second place, if we are to translate our loyalties, we must make certain that we are *transmitting present power*. There is a danger in merely speaking words—men see through them. There is a tragedy in mere reliance on creed—too often it sooner or later involves an unconscious betrayal of God and our fellow men. We must renounce formulas which give a spurious moral satisfaction to those who utter them. To be loyal involves a translation or transmission of the loyalty into life. Jane Addams tells us that in a trip to Mexico City the municipal council passed a resolution asking her to investigate the poorer section of the city. The next day a committee of the council called on Miss Addams and presented her with an elaborately embossed copy of their resolution. Of course she was delighted, thanked them profusely, and asked them when she should start the investigation. "Oh," said the chairman, "it is quite unnecessary for you to go; we only did this to honor your noble work." The powers of evil must be masters in the art of beautiful words, but they fear action. We cannot wait for months and years before utilizing every bit of power which can be applied now. This means that we must *do the thing next at hand*. The attempt to start an automobile in high usually stalls the motor. A church cannot revolutionize an entire city without first beginning to revolutionize the business practices of its deacons and trustees. The individual reformer must take care that his own life does not give the lie to his cause.

If we are ever to bridge the gap between our ideals and our daily lives we must rigidly enforce the *application* of present power. This has two effects: it pulls down our ideals from the clouds where they are drifting to the concrete test of the daily task, and it pulls up the humdrum common-places of every day and makes of them an adventurous romance. Benjamin Franklin tells in his biography of the attempt daily to check up his conduct during the last twenty-four hours with his standards. He was applying present power.

In California the churches of a certain town have done much to aid the missionary movement in Japan; yet these same churches took steps to prevent the local resident Japanese from organizing a Christian church on the ground that it might attract other Orientals. Some churches are much more ready to send money to South Africa for education than they are to provide adequate educational opportunities for the Negroes of their own community. It is so much easier to meet a popular far-off need than an unpopular present duty.

One of the greatest difficulties in our American social

order is that we are not applying present power. We now know that child labor is wrong, but we permit it to continue. We now know that labor should be organized, yet we continue to fight trade unions instead of helping to cure their defects. One of the outstanding evils of our time is the drowning of personality in the mad race for dollars. A kindred evil is wasteful consumption and luxury. America probably leads the world in this respect because of its great wealth. How many men have at some time or other been swept from the path of duty by just such evils! We now know that racial conflict, whether it be the lynching of a Negro or the passage of discriminatory legislation against the Japanese, is unnecessary, but we continue to do both. We now know that war should be outlawed; we recognize that another world conflict will, as Raymond Fosdick says, be the cemetery of our civilization, yet when Russia challenges us with a complete and effective disarmament proposal, it is not even considered seriously. The fact is that we are either advancing in the translation of our loyalties or we are deteriorating; we are never standing still. We cannot, therefore, have any loyalty that is worth while without transmitting present power.

III

IN the third place, we need *a timed adjustment.* We have to gear our efforts into those of countless other mechanisms. The automobile whose parts are not perfectly correlated and timed seldom gets far. We may find something wrong in our social community, perhaps a violation of the Volstead Act, it may be inadequate facilities for play; we must not therefore rush in without any coöperation to denounce the evil. In this day and age we must have *a coöperative achieving,* even if we only join with a small minority of constructive revolters for the common good. It may be that in transmitting our loyalties many leaders in the fight will have to go under—even be crucified—for the cause, but that is no reason why we should violate the tactics which Jesus so supremely demonstrated—coöperative achieving and a timed adjustment. He waited nearly three years, until he had an inner circle and a very much larger outer circle who understood in some measure his life pattern and who were capable of carrying it on, before he irrevocably broke with his day and age.

IV

IN the fourth place, if we are to translate our loyalties, we must have *a constant performance record.* On his non-stop flight to Paris the life of Lindbergh as well as the success of his adventure depended on a motor which would not stop for a single minute. We need prophets of peace who will as daringly risk their lives in moral adventures—keeping true to the end. Our civilization requires a persistent and constant day-by-day adventurous loyalty which will be immune to all the allurements and pitfalls of the life of our time.

One of the greatest dangers confronting us all is that we will fall unconscious victims to the social patterns and customs of our age regardless of their inherent justice. Sacco and Vanzetti are convicted. Two college presidents review the evidence and urge their execution in an amazing report characterized as a classic in unconscious class bias by an eminent professor of law. We hate war. America enters the world conflict and the overwhelming proportion of our ministers are swept into conformity with the spirit of militarism. It is only painstaking, persistent endeavor which makes us ready for great achievement or heroic leadership.

Anyone who has read the life of Robert Louis Stevenson knows what a long, painful struggle it was for him to learn to become a writer of power. Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, one of the great preachers in America, attained his reputation and standing because of his eternal persistence. Every day he would resolve to write an article for the most widely read periodical in America; every evening that same article would go into the waste basket. He wrote a two-volume history of England which he never published. He was achieving a constant performance record.

The great mass of mankind who are doing the workaday tasks of the world need not only to do what is required, they need to do something plus. They need to render volunteer service. Thus it was a clerk in a store in London who saw a need and did voluntary work to meet it, who started the now world-famous Young Men's Christian Association. We need to see beyond our present task to the opportunities of plus achievement.

Jesus might very well have confined his activity to an evangelistic and teaching ministry in the towns and villages of Galilee. But instead he tried to meet need wherever he found it and the record of the Gospel gives us more space devoted to acts of healing than it does to his preaching.

Religion and social science unite in declaring that our loyalty to Christianity is tested by our life action. What kind of action pattern are you weaving? Does it give play for an *experimental truth-finding?* Does it mean an *application of present power?* Do you have a *timed adjustment* which permits your efforts to gear in with those of others? What is your *constant performance record?* Have you ever tried to chart the pattern of your lfe? If we took as much time to chart our own lives as we do to chart the course of our business, would we care to frame the result?

JEROME DAVIS.

Clippings

47 Billions Gross—35 Billions Net

The total money cost of the World War to the United States Government from April 6, 1917, to June 30, 1927, was $47,957,272,333; while the net war cost was $35,119,622,144.—*Annual report of Secretary Mellon, 1927.*

Driving Home Precepts With a Bayonet

Foreign missions are always more or less dependent upon military power for their continued existence. China has been especially hard to convert. It was necessary to drive home the precepts of the Christian religion with the point of a bayonet to make a believer of the heathen Chinese. The Boxer uprising and the present Oriental crisis are startling examples.—*Emporia-Kansas Teachers College Bulletin.*

Mechanized Thinking

Some time ago I asked a professor in one of the oldest and largest Eastern universities what his institution did for the thousands of young people who passed their four years there. His answer, after some deliberation, was, "We turn out, as far as I can see, a low-grade standardized product, like Ford cars, with just about as much thinking capacity."—*James Truslow Adams,* Harpers, *January, 1928.*

Hopeful Signs in Europe

All surface signs in France, Germany and Britain point with striking similarity not merely to the drift of popular sentiment toward the liberal, progressive and peacemaking parties, but that this drift in all three countries, at least at the moment, seems to foreshadow success at the polls for these parties.—*Frank H. Simonds,* Review of Reviews, *December, 1927.*

Such Stuff as Wars Are Made Of

Rather than sit back in the comfortable conviction that war between England and the United States is "impossible" we should face the fact that there are highly inflammable issues between the two countries and the unremitting watchfulness of the two peoples and the most patient statesmanship of the two governments must be exercised to prevent these combustibles being set alight by firebrands on either side of the Atlantic. Meanwhile the public, the press and the policy-makers in Washington cannot watch too carefully a delicate, and what may easily become a dangerous, situation. We are such stuff as wars are made of.—*Henry Kittredge Norton,* Century, *January, 1928.*

Why Men Fight

We may set it down as almost axiomatic that the nation which is willing to submit to arbitration questions involving vital interest or national honor holds the first very lightly and has very little of the latter.—Detroit Free Press *Editorial, Dec. 26, 1927.*

Why There Is Not Enough for All

Less than four out of every ten persons in 1926 were gainfully employed, according to estimates of the National Industrial Conference Board. The remaining six plus were living on the returns of their investments or were being supported by others or at public expense.—*Magnus W. Alexander,* Century Magazine, *October, 1927, p. 736.*

Our readers are urged to send in significant "Clippings" from which we may make selections for future issues.

Y'r Ob't Servant

The American people are, to all appearances, destined during the coming year to spend a great deal of time and energy in electing a President who will, above everything else, be the obedient servant of the all-powerful administrative machine of American business.—The New Republic, *October 12, 1927.*

Why Not Change the Lines?

As long as we proceed along the lines we are travelling today, war is absolutely inevitable.—*Rear-Admiral Chas. P. Plunkett,* San Francisco Chronicle, *January 25, 1928.*

Finding Peace in an Apartment

It was a suggestive comment of Maxim Gorky's on visiting Coney Island, "What an unhappy people it must be that turns for happiness here." The most serious criticism levelled against American civilization is not that its work is standardized and its business engulfing, but that its pleasures are mechanical and its leisure slavish. . . . There is time to be had even in New York or Chicago, and solitude even among crowds. One need not follow Thoreau into the wilderness to practice his isolation, nor Buddha into the desert to achieve his meditation. There is peace in a city apartment if one will but stay at home an evening to find it, and Nirvana to be found at home in one's own mind.—*Irwin Edman,* Harpers, *January, 1928.*

Why Is Hearst?

It is a black record, the blackest in American journalism, the most gross abuse of the right of a free press in this or any other country's history. To call these proven fakes inflammatory is to understate their tenor. They accused a neighbor country of repeated acts of war; they accused Japan of plotting against the peace of the United States; they accused dozens of high and responsible officials and prominent citizens of the blackest of crimes against patriotism—all without investigation, equivocation or mitigation.

Now, trapped and facing the consequences of his wanton efforts to deceive the public and to force a grave international crisis, Hearst says he is sorry, but there does not appear to have been any basis for his charges after all.—*United Church Brotherhoods, Los Angeles.*

Hooray for Brains

No wonder character is valued so much more highly than intelligence by the world at large. There are at least a thousand times as many persons with a large share of virtues as there are persons with a large share of brains. Take an army for illustration. It is sure to contain regiments of men who can be counted on to have enough character to be heroes: that is, to obey orders with fidelity, to behave worthily in difficult circumstances, and to sacrifice themselves for the principles which lead them into battle. Yet the same army, so rich in character, will be lucky to have one general with sense enough to keep from wasting its riches. The human race probably has all the character it needs, but it lacks the brains to make use of it. It even lacks the brains to see what it really needs. So the majority vote goes to character, and intelligence is kept in the opposition.

Carl Van Doren in The Nation, *July 12, 1922.*

A Thousand and One Humbugs

H. C. ENGELBRECHT

I SPENT my childhood with fairies and nixies, elves and cobolds, with Lorelei and Undine, Schneewittchen and Rotkaeppchen. With the years came discretion and I understood that all this was not really "true." So I built myself a new world with other heroes.

There was William Tell, the great Swiss, bearding the tyrant Gessler, shooting the apple from his child's head, always ready with heroic deeds and dramatic phrases. And Arnold Winkelried, who buried ten enemy spears in his body, "made way for liberty and died."

Ziska was there, the great Hussite leader, whose skin was used to cover a drum which always led to victory. And Charles V. of Germany, who spent his last days in a Spanish monastery, rehearsed his funeral singing his own funeral dirge while lying on the bier, whereupon he was seized with a violent delirium and died next day.

Old Galileo came staggering from the torture chamber renouncing the Copernican heresy, but recovering his manliness he angrily stamped the floor and defied his judges with the famous: Eppur si muove! And yet it moves! Lady Godiva (so Tennyson also told) rode through her native Coventry "clothed on with chastity" to secure a lightening of the taxes for her people from her husband Leofric of Chester. Charles VI. was the "mad king" of France and for his pastime playing cards were invented—an unanswerable argument against the pasteboards. Sir Walter Raleigh as Scott narrated in *Kenilworth,* spread his cloak so that the queen might not soil her shoes in the mud.

Newton sat in his garden under a tree when an apple fell beside him or on his head (I always hoped the latter because this would demonstrate to him the law of increasing velocity) and from this he inferred the laws of gravity which were to trouble schoolboys, including Macaulay's all-knowing one till Einstein. Charles IX. of France was a fiend incarnate, for it was he who invited the Huguenots to Paris, plotted their destruction in the terrible Massacre of St. Bartholomew and even shot at the hunted fugitives from the palace window.

WELL, that entire world of "fact" and "truth" has gone the way of Mr. Mencken's gods: down the chute. All myth and legend. And much more of my former "historic" world is on the slide now—much to my sorrow. I know that Louis XIV. never said: "L'etat c'est moi," but is it really true that the letters of Abelard and Heloise are forgeries? I have long since given up the dying sayings of Rabelais and Goethe; I know that the hero of the Boston police strike, C. C., now of Washington, is altogether legendary; but must I renounce the villages of Potemkin which he erected and tore down day by day for the inspection trip of the Czarina? Hamlet's grave, Gloucester's death at Shakespeare Cliff near Dover, Blondel's rescue of Richard the Lion Hearted, the beautiful testament of Walter von der Vogelweide (sung by Longfellow) are all untenable; but must the Grand Design of Henry IV. of France, a 17th century league of nations, likewise join the legends?

The age is realistic, so there's nothing for it but to join the wrecking crew, dynamite to my heart's content, hoping that none of the blocks come to rest on any dear reader's head, or if they do, that he may laugh them off like the heroes of the movies and comic strips.

A very old story, almost forgotten, but revived by the kluxers, is that of the woman pope. This woman, Joan, was very learned and, disguised as a man, was chosen pope. But she "fell into sin," gave birth to a child in a public procession and died in the street. In Rome there were shown for a long time evidences of the story: the street in which she perished, a statue erected as a warning, etc., and in Siena that famous row of papal busts in the duomo included Joan. The entire story is an outrageous humbug, fascinating in its origin, but most arresting of all is the fact that it is a Catholic and not a Protestant invention.

Joan of Arc is another astonishing example of humbug. Twenty-five years after she was burned as a "limb of Satan," she was solemnly retried and her name was cleared—no doubt, much to the joy of her ashes. Resting in undisturbed oblivion till her recovery by the 18th century romanticists, she then became a hero of the church and of the nation. Mark Twain wrote the most romantic and legendary story of the Maid, completely renouncing the realism that pervades *A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court.* Painters depicted her "visions," her "miracles," her irresistible leadership. During the war Joan led the armies of France, and even in America we alternated "Over there" with "Joan of Arc." After the war Joan was made a saint of the church and travelers in France will remember with horror the ugly gilded statues of the Maid omnipresent in that country. But what has Saint Joan to do with the strong, likeable

girl who was burned at Rouen? She was a fighter in her very soul, bold, courageous and strong. She had the bluff manner of the soldier and she swore like a trooper. She had her share of feminine vanity. She knew that she was admired by all men when she rode along on a fine horse in her beautiful armor with rich and precious adornments—and she liked it. In council of war she was most unbearable, because she always insisted on her own plans as those of the *bon Dieu,* the good god. But now she is *Sainte Joan!*

WHAT a huge humbug was Napoleon! A mean, selfish, unscrupulous little man actually persuaded the French people up to the last generation that he was their greatest product. They revered him as greatest of generals, yet his army was created by Carnot, his rivals were removed or died in combat, and many a battle was won only in his bulletins. They admired him as a great administrator, but his innovations in law and government were either bad or the work of others. They supposed that he had always been the darling of France, yet he himself admitted that at his death his people would say, "Ouf!"—a sigh of intense relief. Painters showed "Napoleon crossing the St. Bernard on a prancing steed in a snow storm" or "healing lepers at Joppa," but in his Memoirs he tells that he crossed the St. Bernard in the most beautiful weather riding on a mule and he was always realistic enough to know that he did no miracles. At his imperial coronation he used the "scepter of Charlemagne," which was probably the baton of a 17th century choirmaster. But when he went to St. Helena he came to be a martyr and a legend. He wrote his Memoirs, showing that all he had done and hoped and dreamed was for France, his own beloved France. O, that his ashes might some day rest in the soil of the land which he had always loved! How could France resist such an appeal? There was reaction in the country and much dissatisfaction. Thiers wrote a huge history elaborating the myth of a Napoleon doing all for France. The legend took hold of the French people. The body of the great exile was brought to Paris and entombed in the Invalides.

Another dangerous humbug that proved decidedly costly to Henry Ford, is that of the "Protocols of the Elders of Zion." According to the legend the Elders of Zion had held their centennial meeting in the Jewish cemetery at Prague and here they had decided to overthrow Christianity by use of gold and the press and to establish a universal Jewish dominion. The proof of the conspiracy, according to the Jew baiters, was to be seen in the World War, the establishment of Bolshevism and a thousand other evidences. And there was that tell-tale document unearthed by the Russian Sergius Nilus and published in *The Jewish Peril.* But what were these "Protocols?" Their origin is as fantastic as their contents. In 1868 a German, Herman Goedsche, who wrote under the pen name of Sir John Retcliffe, produced an historical romance called "Biarritz."[1] In this work of pure fiction he introduced a scene in which the "Elect of Israel" met in a cemetery in Prague and determined to rule the world. This chapter was translated into Russian and used as justification of the brutal pogroms. Several other writers used this chapter in their work "by that eminent Englishman, Sir John Retcliffe." Yet before the war the "Protocols" were generally ignored. But during and after the war the nervous, hysterical and gullible world chose to accept them at face value. Perhaps the "eminent Englishman, Sir John Retcliffe" will yet join the historians instead of being counted a mere romancer.

It would hardly be fair to pass without notice that five-ringed circus, the traditional history of these United States. At the gateway stands that much disputed figure Christopher Columbus. The egg-breaking at the University of Salamanca, the sale of Queen Isabella's jewels to make possible the expedition, the three day ultimatum of the crew on the high seas, have all been safely buried in the graveyard of historic errors. Indeed if the extended studies of Henry Vignaud are to be credited much more of the traditional Genoese will have to be discarded.

About Washington we have had much discussion of late which will perhaps in time humanize the be-haloed Father of the Country. One of the hugest jokes in the world is the adoption of Thomas Jefferson by the ultra-conservatives and professional patriots. Jefferson was unquestionably the Lenin, Trotsky, Zinoviev, Stalin, and add a score more if you will, of his day—at least according to the "defenders of the Constitution" at that time, he pardoned all persons convicted under the Sedition laws on assuming office, he declared that God forbid we may ever come to the point where we are without a revolution every few years. And what a mass of legend in Lincoln's life! Just as one might suppose, Charnwood shows how much the lack of education hindered him in the arduous duties he assumed. As for his popularity it is sufficient to say that the invective against him was so bitter and unrestrained that he was actually referred to as "that baboon in the White House." Or take the popular conception of the swashbuckling Rough-rider—the man who boasted: "I took the Canal Zone and let Congress debate." Or finally, the Strong Silent Man who has faith in Massachusetts!

There's just one thing I'd like to know. What is the origin of the word "humbug?"

[1] "Sir John Retcliffe" wrote in German. Years ago, while reading one of his three-volume romances, I searched diligently in the manuals of English literature for a note on the author. Only much later did I discover that I was not reading a translation. His work would make the best of movie thrillers.

The "Tragedy" of India

C. F. ANDREWS

IT is the one tragedy of foreign rule, however wise and good and beneficent it may be, that it remains always foreign and cannot be assimilated. There is probably no instance in history of one nation ruling over another and keeping it in subordination, without in the end doing much more harm than good. Beneficence in the beginning may make the after process of deterioration longer and slower; but it is, all the same, inevitable. The peoples who came under the Roman Empire and were most completely subjected, such as those in Asia Minor and the Eastern Mediterranean, have taken longest to recover. Those, like the more northern races of Europe, which did not come wholly under the domination of Rome, made in the end a more rapid recovery after the decline and fall of the Roman Empire began.

One of the greatest difficulties of Englishmen to realize is this, that the British Empire, in so far as it is an *Empire,* must have the same effect. Thus, though no Englishman likes to contemplate it, there are in truth areas of the empire today where the original necessary work has been done and the only thing left is for the Englishman to have the grace to leave the future in other hands than his own. America has just the same problem in the Philippines. But England came to India in days when conquest by arms meant possession and domination, not trusteeship and rendition.

In my own work, I am entirely engaged in social and humanitarian questions. As far as possible, it is my earnest desire in India to leave politics alone. Yet in the social service work itself, it is probably true to state that progress, as I see it, would be doubly rapid if Indian statesmen had the helm instead of British.

Fatality in Foreign Rule

This I have called the "tragedy" of foreign rule. The word "tragedy" has been used in its old Greek sense of something that carries a fatality with it. All the subtle irony which makes the poignancy of the Greek tragedy can be seen in witnessing the British rulers, so well-meaning and superlatively industrious, building up something which has a fatal poison in it bound at last to burst out in death. The poison is the foreign element, which will not mix to make an organic whole, but continues to develop outside.

The lack of intimate contact between the foreign ruler and those over whom he rules paralyzes all great efforts of statesmanship. Perhaps the only daring act of social reform on a large scale which British history in India has witnessed was that of Lord Bentinck in coöperation with Raja Ram Mohan Roy, whereby Sati [cremation of widows on funeral pyres of husbands] was abolished. Yet this was due to the extraordinarily favorable conjunction of two outstanding personalities, each of them so great in courage that they recognized together what could be done and did it. But that act has been the exception which proves the rule. There has been nothing akin to it since.

Where Alien Rule Is Weak

The normal course of events since Sati was abolished a century ago has been for the foreign ruler to fear, to an inordinate degree, the excitement and disturbance that might be caused by any social change wherever religious practice might be even remotely affected. For this reason, the foreign ruler is apt to throw himself almost blindly on to the side of reaction, with the excuse that "laissez faire" is the only wise policy. He cannot possible intimate, unless he is a genius, the exact moment when the change may be made in social practice with success. He has also a wholesome fear that his own theory of social change may be wrong. He is profoundly ignorant how to act so as to obtain general good will and approval. Therefore he refrains from action. He cannot take advantage of that "tide in the affairs of men" that at its flood point "leads on to fortune." Instead of this, he misses the tide, and the flood rolls back.

It has been my lot for nearly a quarter of a century to watch every turn of the tide of human affairs in India in order, wherever possible, in close company with Indian friends and fellow workers as leaders and guides, to make some humanitarian advance. But it has unfortunately become my growing conviction that whatever might have been the value of foreign rule in the past in India under the British, that period is now very quickly drawing to an end. The "Reforms" have not come a day too soon. Indeed, they have been pitifully, tragically late—too late. And they have not been drastic enough. Unless a far more drastic change is made and made very quickly, any process of gradual, orderly evolution will be no longer possible. Revolutionary outbreaks will take its place. It is time in India that this "tragedy" of foreign rule is brought to an end and full self-government granted, whereby India may take her place in the League of Nations, no longer under the tutelage of Great Britain, but in her own sovereign right.

The Military Chapel

HELEN SAHLER

ON a cliff overlooking the plain stands the military chapel. Its perpendicular lines rise severe and uncompromising, the gray stone a cold contrast to the warmth of the autumnal splendor, the gold and vermilion of the trees clustering the cliff. Within the chapel, the windows gleam like jewels: fiery as black opals, they dart greens, reds and purples, and stain the pavement with diamonds of color. From entrance to chancel, on each side the long nave hang banners. They are battle flags; some float whole, others hang tattered and fringed. Music from a great organ rolls through the arched roof. Eye and ear are touched and stirred. All that wealth and skill can procure are lavished on this place. Yet with all the richness there is austerity here in the high and narrow proportions.

The pews are filled with young men. They rise, they sit, they kneel as one body. They are welded together by a conviction, a conviction that there is only one way, one sure way to maintain the honor of their country. On the road to the chapel they marched past an equestrian statue at the gate. It stood as an example to them; their pulses quickened as they tramped by. From the lips of the hero in bronze might have fallen words like a Scriptural warrior's, "Saul hath slain his thousands, but I my ten thousands." Inspiration is all about the young men, indoors as well as without. The figures in the chapel windows are mainly from the Old Testament; Moses is here and Joshua and Samson and David, with the sword appearing again and again. Now a worthy rests upon it, here it is drawn, there it is flourished. The youths are fired by the shining forms in the lancets. Heroism is not wanting; many noble souls are among them, ready to take the lives of others, to give their own if need be, for their country's welfare.

In other lands and religions this same zeal is found, this same belief in the inevitability of the blood price; but it is not so easily recognizable.

It reached its apex in a zone far south of the military chapel.

There untold agony and suffering have been inflicted and accepted. That blood must be shed to preserve the blessing of their heritage, that the price of life is death, that prosperity and well-being are secured by such a course alone, was believed more firmly even than now. There was no shrinking from that principle nor denying of it then. Temples, which bore the character of altars, so deep was this tenet of religion, stood on elevated places so that they could ever be in the sight of the inhabitants. The lights before the altars were never allowed to go out. All that was most precious in the kingdom was gathered there. Incense arose, flowers breathed their perfume, enamels shone, gems sparkled, rich embroidery was displayed; the skill of the builder, the art of sculptor, painter and musician, all conspired to adorn this fane, of which the belief in the supreme efficaciousness of sacrifice was the cornerstone. From far and near the people could gaze on this temple and feel certain that their safety and well-being were assured by what went on within it. The peasant could lift his hand from his hoe and gaze at the smoke ascending from the temple mound, then return to his work with a grateful glow about his heart.

THE priests who served in these temples were garbed in black; they led ascetic lives and were rigorous in their discipline; fasting and prayer and the ceremonies of the temple filled their days. Early in life they received a conventual education and the doctrines then taught were indelibly impressed on their minds. There can be no doubt that they severely dealt with any who questioned the truths they held. Any one who would endanger the safety of the land, imperil the religion, scatter the seeds of suspicion regarding the established way by which their country had been preserved and divine protection obtained, would have received a punishment which such disloyalty deserved. Intense in their faith were these priests, unflinching in the pursuit of their duty. Painful as the practice of it might be, by long practice they became inured to it; nay, some rejoiced in its performance. On these altars many lives were offered for the country. In one building there were one hundred and thirty-six thousand skulls, skulls of all those who had been sacrificed since the foundation of the sanctuary. The superficial, the shallow might jump at the conclusion that these priests were heartless and callous, indifferent to human pain and woe. But they should not be so hasty. Adjacent to this very building were halls devoted to the care of the sick and the poor whom the priests attended gratuitously.

But not only the blood of men was poured on these altars, women were found who gave theirs. There was a temple erected to Our Mother; she was depicted holding a babe in her arms. Yearly a woman's life was given to her. Every young girl could grow up with the consciousness that perhaps she might be chosen for this supreme test, her life might serve this great purpose. This offering procured abundance for the country, rich harvests and prosperity; and not only this, but it was the means of protecting the country

against invaders. Pieces of the skin of the one sacrificed were sent to the four corners of the land and acted as a talisman against invasion. In the temples to Our Mother images sometimes represented her carrying a cradle, and in this cradle was a stone knife. This was a sacred emblem, the stone knife was prized like the steel sword in the military chapel, though unbelievers might scoff and call it a harsh symbol.

But the women did more than offer their own lives, they did what was harder—they gave up their little children. In seasons of drought the little ones, wreathed in flowers and with wings on their shoulders, accompanied by the sound of trumpets, were brought to the temple and their lives offered up. After that healing rains fell, the land was refreshed, for, as their learned priesthood could relate, experience showed such sacrifices were not offered in vain.

There was another god in this land to whom sacrifices were displeasing. Flowers and fruit were alone grateful oblations to him. He was a fair god who came from afar and vanished as mysteriously as he had come. He, too, had his priests, who were white robed, and altars for his worship were allowed, but he held a strictly subordinate place. Here again was something analogous to the veneration meted out at the military chapel, where the Christian God was honored, but subordinate to the God of Battles.

But all this took place centuries ago, these temples are one with Nineveh and Tyre: Our Mother's fane exists no longer, though one to Our Lady stands on her site. Those in which the little children played such a part have likewise vanished: oblivion has swallowed them up. But shall we say that the spirit has entirely died out? That this unfaltering faith, this unwavering zeal, this rigorous support of the blood-offering has entirely disappeared? No, it still lives, feeble, faint and flickering, but on occasion blazing up with pristine strength.

We can see at times a similar ardor in the eye, an intensity in the faces of our compatriots like to that gleam long in the countenances of the Aztecs. It is true that we cannot boast descent from these noble people, but there is a marvellous resemblance in many of our rites and convictions. It was said of the Aztecs that they were as they were because they had only recently escaped from savagery when the culture of the Toltecs was grafted upon them. Seen in the long perspective of biologic history the human race has only recently escaped from savagery and suddenly acquired culture. Let us take cheer when we realize the heritage that is ours, supine though we may feel when we compare ourselves with the worshipers of Huitzilopochtli.

Great pomp and glory trod the teocalli, but greater fills the military chapel. Blood-red patches from the emblazoned windows fall on the pavement of stone. The walls scale the skies unquestioned and inexorable.

Three Poems

Revelation

ONE well might say the town was very dull
On such a winter's day as this has been,—
Till suddenly the stars were beautiful
Above stilled streets so fair for wandering in
That lonely walkers came, not knowing why,
Save to be lonely with such things as these,
When the last light is going from the sky,
And pale, starred dusks are in the thinning trees.

So had it been with me throughout the day;
No breath of beauty trembled anywhere,
No light upon the world that was not gray;—
And suddenly the stars were burning there,
And such grave mystery was in the street
That I walked home on hushed and timid feet.

Logos

"HERE'S where the tulips were, we said, and then
Passed by the place and plodded on through snow,
Talking of much, but not of these again,
And there was nothing in our talk to show
That all my thought was tulips in a stir
Of shaken ecstasy of flower and stem,
Wrought to a frenzied and immoderate blur,
With windy sunlight streaming over them.

I fell to wondering, then, that such a word,
As lightly said as any word we say,
Should raise a host of tulips, stormily stirred—
And wondering, too, as we returned that way,
What thing your silence made of that bright show
Of crimson tulips dancing over snow.

Unfailing Lights

IT was a moment only, when I went
Over the street, and back to my own door:
But there were stars, and starry things they meant,—
And I am changed from what I was before.
I never saw the stars so strong and clear,
So close and intimate as they were then:
They entered with me, and they stayed, more near
Than any guest will ever be, again.

Since then, unfailing lights have filled my mind,
And an old stillness and a wide release
From bars that prison me and thongs that bind:—
And I am wondering if this starry peace
That in this moment I have come to know,
Will still go with me, now, wherever I go.

DAVID MORTON

New Challenges from Islam

JOSEPH B. MATTHEWS

IN these days of radio and rapid transit one learns not to be surprised at finding *anything, anywhere,* especially in the form of an idea. Ideas, at least (thanks to the achievements of applied science), are asserting their *internationalism.* They travel from land to land without the formality of passports; and even cross religious boundary lines without stopping for baptism or circumcision. Here is a page torn from the book of contemporary thinking!

Chicago

A FEW years ago Moslem missionaries in this country established their headquarters in Detroit. Later they moved them to Chicago,—due perhaps to better acquaintance with the missionary needs of the country,—where they now publish *The Moslem Sunrise.*

In a recent issue of this Moslem journal the editor reveals an insight into the meaning of Christianity more penetrating than is sometimes found in the writings of his fellow journalists of Christian persuasion. "As to those who want to be patriotic as well as Christian," he writes, "we say your object is very laudable, but you cannot be true Christian. Jesus absolutely forbade war, but your patriotism requires that you should be in the forefront of those who are willing to lay down their lives for the sake of their country. . . . Hence you will have to stop all this tall talk of Christianity and fall into line with Islam, which says and commands *fight against those who fight against you, but exceed not the limit.* If you hesitate to declare yourself for Islam for some obvious reason, then rest assured that by your practice you are endorsing an Islamic principle and rejecting Christianity just in the same way as you have been discarding other salient points of Christianity in favor of Islamic principles, but you are too proud to admit it. Anyway the victory is for Islam, which you will have to admit sometime. You can't be Christian as well as do the fighting job."

It seems to me that I have heard others say in these post-bellum days: "You may have Christ, or you may have war; you cannot have both." But I confess to some unusual sort of feeling when I found the thought confronting me on the editorial page of a Moslem magazine.

Constantinople

X—— was one of my traveling companions from Beirut to Athens, via Constantinople. That recent voyage is memorable now chiefly because of my acquaintance with him, and the many hours we spent together on the liner's deck talking over the problems of the world in which we live. We were not long discovering that our worlds were very much the same,—that we had more uniting us than dividing us,—though he was a Druse and I a Christian, as religious labels go.

Naturally the dark aspects of Syria's problems loomed large in our thinking. He was heir to century-old traditions of freedom that sweep irresistibly down the channels of the Druse mind like the rushing waters of the beautiful Lebanon valleys. In the presence of this highly trained man from Syria I felt none too confident of my position on a *Christian* approach to Syria's political problem. . . .

We had been walking along the Bosphorus for more than an hour when our conversation took up the idea of positive pacifism—aggressive but non-violent.

"What I say must come with little grace from a representative of Western Christendom," I said, trying to anticipate his reaction, "especially in the presence of those whose countries have so long been mere pawns in the great Western game of conquest."

This, when we had reached the deck of the liner, for I dreaded the scepticism that a man from the East might naturally manifest toward any expression of faith in the way of good-will when voiced by one from the West. In my mind I was trying to frame an appropriate reply, imagining myself in the place of my Druse friend.

"You control a large part of the earth's surface by sheer force of arms," I began to myself, "and now you counsel good-will as the way out for those who have been robbed. You have climbed to dizzy heights of material prosperity through knowledge of the laws of physical force, and now, lest your position of supremacy be endangered, you advise us to learn the law of love. . . . So that's the scheme for saving yourselves from a well-merited punishment."

With such uncomfortable thoughts crowding my mind I could have wished myself a disciple of that frail little Hindu who has set "soul-force" against the might of the world's greatest empire and demonstrated the power of a non-violent technic in human struggle. Such discipleship would have clothed me with the authority of contemporary experience, while the path back to Galilee seemed so long and cluttered up with obstacles—falsifying examples of the very thing I wanted to say—and I so spiritually incapable of making the journey.

Then continuing where I had left off speaking, "It

is not because I am looking for an easy way out for Western nations," I said with a pleading tone, "but because I share with you, feebly perhaps in comparison, the desire that *all* peoples shall be free,—unhampered by deadening exploitation,—to make their distinctive contributions to our common life. For this reason alone I suggest that the *better* solution lies in the way proposed by that other young Syrian."

At the mention of that "other Syrian" there was an unmistakable earnestness in the voice of my Druse friend (who calls himself a Moslem), as he assured me: "I feel increasingly that Jesus must furnish us ethical guidance, and that *his* may be the way out for us."

I can see only two lines of action open to men in this concrete case of Syria. The one is a genuine and adequate pacifism. (Can anyone propose that way for Syria who is not willing to accept it as his own national policy?) The other way is that upheld by the advocates of "defensive" warfare: "Arm yourselves to the best of your ability and win your way through blood to the achievement of your freedom!" Unless, indeed, the advocates of defensive warfare arrogate to themselves alone the *right* to be free and the *"privilege"* of defense by machine guns and poison gas!

My Moslem-Druse friend challenged me to face anew the meaning of Christianity for the modern world. I address this question with all seriousness to those Christians who pass resolutions opposing "aggressive" warfare but leave room apparently for "defensive" warfare as a solution in case of oppression or invasion: "What is your message to Syria (the Druses), to China, to India, to the Philippines, to Nicaragua, and to Mexico?"

Even Tennessee!

TO outsiders Tennessee will suggest the Scopes trial and the more recent Hearn case; but the belated medievalism of those episodes by no means exhausts the Tennessee mind. (Men in Syria and Turkey recently turned away from me with the thinly veiled satisfaction of an unexpected though not unwelcome experience: *they had seen a man from Tennessee.*)

Throughout this state there are student groups facing earnestly and intelligently the problems of living in a world so largely organized on a conflict basis. Such a group made up the annual gathering of the Tennessee State Student Volunteer Union which assembled in Nashville last February.

Looking far beyond the horizons which bound the view of many older men and women the program committee of this conference invited a Moslem from Trinidad to address the students, giving, among other things, his most candid criticism of Christianity. Few who were present will ever forget the closing appeal of this young Moslem, as, simply and without sentimentality, he challenged these Tennessee students "to dedicate themselves anew to the service and spirit of Jesus Christ," which, according to his view, was "the only adequate spiritual power for bringing order to a chaotic and despairing world."

Consider the Lilies

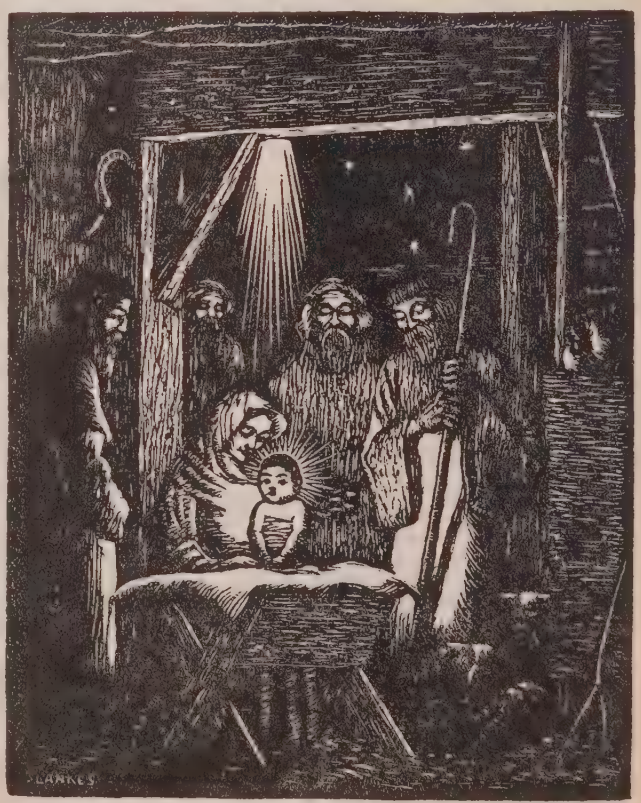
SOLOMON, Ambition's king
Pretty Figure brightly done,
Hiram brought his cedars tall
You, the gold your wit had won.

After all the pageantry,
All the sweating and the blare,
David's city had an house
Proud enough for Israel's prayer.

Came the years with careless hands
Throwing dust and tears about;
Came the years with aweless winds
And they brushed your footsteps out.

Solomon, Ambition's king,
Lilies neath a friendly sky,—
Once a Dreamer chose between
Lilies and a battle cry.

ARTHUR R. MACDOUGALL, JR.



—*J. J. Lankes*

Findings

"Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it."—Emerson.

Caiaphas Was Horrified

Profiteers are specially severe upon pickpockets. Caiaphas, no doubt, was horrified at the deeds of brigands and cutpurses. Nevertheless, between the two thieves, upon their crosses, and the swarms of the respectable, there was perhaps no very wide gulf.—*W. G. Peck,* The Divine Revolution, *p. 131.*

Comfort Versus Conviction

Would anyone believe I am the master of slaves of my own purchase! I am drawn along by the general inconvenience of living here without them. I will not, I cannot justify it.—*Patrick Henry,* quoted by J. Franklin James, The American Revolution, *p. 33.*

Geographical Biology

I once asked one of those easily misled individuals, a bubbling-over patriot, what he (an Englishman) would have done had he been born a German? "What every decent German did—I would have gone to fight," he flashed back. And then he thought a minute. "But I could never have been born a German," was his parting shot of wisdom—*Benjamin Harrow,* The Romance of the Atom, *page 154.*

Through Cave Doors

And so, when I hear people talking of superior races and inferior peoples, and of keeping other races and peoples down, I hardly understand. Because if I find people who seem to know a little less or see a little less than I do, I always feel I want to say to them, "Oh, little earth-brother and sister, climbing with me that long climb out of the dark, through the cave doors and on, we do not know up where—if it should happen that I have climbed on to a step a little bit higher than the one you stand on and can see a little farther—here is my hand—let me help you up. —*Rebekah, in* Man to Man, *by Olive Schreiner, p. 417.*

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

At a meeting of the Naval and Military Bible Society held in London, May, 1818, several persons of high rank spoke in favor of supplying the Navy and Army with Bibles. The following passage is from a speech of Admiral Sir J. Saumarez, as reported in *The Christian Observer* for the same month:

The Admiral said that he had uniformly found that the best and bravest sailors were those who habitually read their Bibles. In allusion to a victory gained under his command, he added that he could only say that it was solely through the Bible and from a firm confidence in the grace of God which that sacred volume inspired that he had been animated to combat the dangers before him and to be successful.—*The Friend of Peace,* 1818.

Not Safety First

A reformer less thoroughly dominated than Jesus was by a sense of divine call might have been more moderate, more calculating, and more worldly wise, as ordinary judgments go, in his dealings with the religious and political authorities of his day. But this never could have been Jesus' way of living.—*S. J. Case,* Jesus, *p. 382.*

Our readers are urged to send in significant "Findings" from which we may make selections for future issues.

The Fighting Prelate

"King Richard I in one of his battles with the French took Philip de Dreux, Bishop of Beauvais, prisoner. The Pope interceded for his liberty in a letter, wherein he styled the fighting prelate his *"dearly beloved son."* The King, by way of answer, sent the Bishop's suit of armor, stained with blood and covered with dust, to the Pope, and asked *whether he knew his son's coat, or no?* The Pope was ashamed at the sight, and left the Bishop at Richard's mercy."—*Boston Intelligencer,* about 1830.

For My Part

"For my part I will not go to war. It is not that I do not love my country; I do. It is not that I count my life too dear to sacrifice it for the safety and liberty of others; I do not. But war is not a method for adjusting international disputes any more than a fist fight is a method of adjusting a dispute among individuals, or lynching a method for adjusting public scandal. War is a fool's errand and ought never to be undertaken."—*Rev. Peter Ainslee,* in a "Pennsbury Leaflet."

Wholesale vs. Retail

"I was paid for killing men, for shooting on sight men who had never done me any harm. The more men I killed the better soldier they called me. When the war was over I killed one more man. I had reason this time, good reason. The man was my enemy and had threatened to kill me, and that's why I shot him. But then they called me a murderer, and shut me up for the rest of my life."—*Winifred Louise Taylor,* The Man Behind the Bars.

The Circle of Folly

War destroys security. When peace comes security is demanded. The demand is met by preparations for war. Preparations for war produce the next war; and the next war again destroys security. Is there any of man's activities which creates a more viciously foolish circle? Yet each time the people are taken in: "We are likely to be attacked, let us arm."—*Arthur Ponsonby,* Now Is the Time, *p. 133.*

The Most Subversive Doctrine

For generations we have been sending missionaries all over the world to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ. Now, here in Europe and America, where we take our Christianity with common sense; where the tenet of peace on earth is expected to hold only when there are no enemies; where the doctrine that one cannot worship both God and Mammon is applied pro rata, six days Mammon, one day God; where the adjuration to turn the other cheek is obeyed only when there is nobody who dares to smite; and where we agree that blessed are the meek only if they inherit the earth —here Christianity raises no insuperable difficulties. We have learned to understand each other in these matters as practical men. But the black or brown or yellow man took his Christianity literally. It was given to him straight out of the Gospels, and without any of the unwritten interpretations we take for granted. And one hesitates to say it, but Christianity as it stands in the Gospels is the most subversive doctrine ever enunciated to mortal man.—*Nathaniel Peffer,* The White Man's Dilemma, *p. 133.*

The Book End

The World Tomorrow reviews only books which it believes to be helpful and interesting. On rare occasions it includes unfavorable comment on a popular volume which seems sufficiently misleading to render adverse criticism imperative.

Postponing Strikes

THIS book by Ben Selekman is a study of the workings of the Canadian Industrial Disputes Investigation Act, which has been in force in Canada since 1907. Under the Act strikes and lockouts in public utilities, mining, transportation and certain other industries are forbidden until an investigation and an attempt at conciliation have been made by a Board usually applied for by one of the parties to the dispute and consisting of one representative of the employers, one of the employees, and a third appointed by the other two, or, in case of their failure to agree, by the Minister of Labor. *Postponing Strikes* may be highly recommended to all students of labor relations and industrial conditions; they will find it packed full of information and suggestions. To most readers of THE WORLD TOMORROW it will be significant chiefly perhaps for the light it sheds upon the general problem of substituting conciliation and reason for compulsion and force in human relations.

The book makes it clear that under the administration of the Act, the principle of conciliation has become ever more prominent. The Act, for example, provides for penalties on the parties embarking on strikes or lockouts before availing themselves of the machinery of investigation and conciliation provided for; in practice these penalties are never invoked. Boards of conciliation seldom give publicity to their proceedings until after their work is finished, relying chiefly on getting men and management to sit around the table together and quietly adjust their family quarrels. Of course the decisions of boards are not mandatory; after their reports have been rendered to the parties in dispute and to the Ministry of Labor, strikes or lockouts may be declared.

What are the results? On the one hand they appear exceedingly favorable. 473 disputes in public utilities have been brought under the Act and in 90 per cent of them a strike was averted or ended. Canadian labor was for several years hostile to the Act; it is today favorable. Employers are favorable. The Act was declared unconstitutional by the Privy Council in 1925 on the ground that it infringed upon the rights of the Provinces as against the Dominion; since then most of the Provinces have enacted legislation bringing back under the provisions of the Act disputes which fell under it before this decision. On the other hand, 425 strikes have occurred in public utilities in which the Act was completely ignored, and though a strike in the coal mines gave rise to the Act, we are all familiar with the stormy history of that industry in Canada as well as in the United States in recent years.

What accounts for these seemingly contradictory findings? The book indicates two fundamental factors. The Act does not work where the men are poorly organized or the question of union recognition has not been definitely settled. Mr. Selekman quotes a Minister of Labor as follows: "When one group of men want to be recognized as a union or want a trade agreement as a union, and when the employer will not recognize them as a union, no legislation can meet a situation of this kind. It has got to be fought out." Mr. Selekman adds: "The record seems to bear out this statement." Where the men are organized and this question does not obtrude itself, conciliation works. In the second place, the Act works in industries where conditions are fairly stable, but it fails where, as in coal mining, the industry itself is unstable, subject to fluctuations, poorly organized. There are difficulties here which cannot be adjusted in conferences between men and management about hours, wages and conditions, and until these difficulties are met by action of the industry or of other social agencies, the parties directly concerned in industrial disputes meet in an atmosphere of uncertainty and fear, which makes reasoning and conciliation impossible.

Where there is equality between individuals or groups and where there is relative order, men can be gotten to reason together, compulsion can be eliminated from relations between them, provided there is some simple machinery set up for this purpose. But this book furnishes no encouragement to the idea that efforts at conciliation will not prove futile and childish, not to say dishonest and unjust, where inequality and social anarchy obtain. (Published by Russell Sage Foundation, $2.50.)

A. J. MUSTE.

"Americanization" of Labor

SOON after the war Englishmen began to use the phrase "Americanization of industry" to describe the speeding up and the minute division of labor of large scale factory production. Now a new, half-satirical meaning has crept into the phrase. The "Americanized" worker is a man who not only works fast at a monotonous, mechanized job; he is also a man who is loyal to the boss, non-class conscious, optimistic, a subdued Rotarian in spirit. He regards his employer as a benefactor and the labor organizer as a misguided agitator. He is a contented patriot.

The process of "Americanizing" our working class is by no means complete, as the picket lines of Colorado and the tent colonies of Pennsylvania will bear witness, but a vigorous campaign is being conducted by some employers to finish the task. They are aided in the campaign by thugs, spies, detectives, unemployed workers, personnel experts, and *The Saturday Evening Post*. Some of the men who take part in the campaign are sincere idealists who think that the problem of capital and labor can be solved by personal kindness by the employers. Perhaps they have read books by Professor Carver and honestly think that a new revolution through stock ownership is taking place in American industry. But most of the campaigners for the "Americanization" of labor are shrewd business men with their eye on the main chance.

Robert Dunn in *The Americanization of Labor* tells how the campaign works. He describes the way in which American employers are out-organizing the labor organizers with unions of their own and outstripping the social legislation of Europe with

private philanthropy. In this condensed and meaty little book he sketches the whole range of employers' tactics in meeting industrial unrest, company unions, black lists, spies, "yellow dog contracts," stock ownership, injunctions, and strike-breaking detective agencies. His book is written from the point of view of the organized labor movement. From that point of view the company union and its associate forms are weapons in the counter offensive of capital against labor; the immediate welfare of the workers is of little importance to Mr. Dunn compared to their ultimate position in industrial society. He thinks in exactly opposite terms from those of the company welfare worker.

Labor leaders are quite justified in their alarm over the growth of American company unions. While the American Federation of Labor has openly declined in power and membership, the numbers enrolled in company unions have increased to 1,400,000 workers who are organized into 900 works councils. Mr. Dunn shows that in actual operation the company union is a powerless and trivial weapon in the hands of the workers. They can neither strike with it nor compel honest arbitration. But its incidental gains are so attractive and its sponsorship by the employers is so compelling that many American workers accept it in lieu of legitimate labor unions. They surrender their birthright of class power for a pot of message.

Are the new social agencies of American employers paving the way to a special type of industrial revolution in which the workers will pass over into the upper classes gradually by stock purchase? Mr. Dunn supplies enough ammunition for a resounding No. There are not more than 1,500,000 employees in all American industry who own any stock and the amount they hold is so small that it affects not at all the type of business control. (Published by International Publishers. $1.90.)

PAUL BLANSHARD.

What Produces National Character?

NATIONAL Character and the Factors in Its Formation, by Ernest Barker, professor of history in Kings College, London, is a contribution which belongs with that of the debunkers. The myths he explodes, however, are done not so much by the exposing of historical data, as by sociological analysis. What do race, climate and population really mean? He shows that they do not mean what has commonly been accepted, and he shows it with an appalling erudition which is accompanied by a lightness of touch that makes the book intensely interesting reading.

Presumably the nation he is talking about is Great Britain, but it only serves as a background for illustrating the argument. America, France and Germany can actually learn many descriptive facts about themselves from the book. They or any other nation can apply the analyses to their peculiar differences with no loss in the transfer.

There are many brilliant suggestions scattered throughout, of which the following is an illustration: The increase in population has been the result of a declining death rate at the same time that there has been a declining birth rate. This means that the proportion of elders has increased. This tendency of change in age groups occurred between the beginning of the reigns of Victoria and George V. The result will be an increased difficulty of the lesser number of the young to get themselves heeded. Similarly in settled cultures there seems to be a considerable excess of women over men, and, as a majority exercises an influence, however inarticulate, this is bound to have a national significance.

The supporters of the Nordic basis of Anglo-Saxon success get short shrift. In fact national character is shown to be a very complex matter in which material and spiritual forces play their part. It cannot be insular position alone, because England differs from Ireland and Sicily. It cannot be Nordic stock alone, for Britain has much Mediterranean blood, nor language alone, for the Scotch, Welsh and English are linguistically diverse, nor again even religion, because the British nation has various religions. And yet a nation and national consciousness are facts, in the modern sense, new facts, but they seem to have been essential for the development of democracy. This book helps clarify one of the muddiest of problems. (Published by Harpers, $3.50.)

HERBERT ADOLPHUS MILLER.

An English Editor Speaks

MOST of us who read with interest and attention J. A. Spender's previous volume, "The Public Life," took up his two volume *Life, Journalism and Politics* with eagerness to be farther in his circle of understanding. And our eagerness was met with new richness and knowledge. Here is a genial autobiography. His new volumes are written in exquisite style and in a lighter vein than his "Public Life."

His opening chapters show his growing capacities for securing confidence and friendship. These friendships among the politically responsible groups made his editorship and influence great and important within limited and authoritative circles, not only in England but in Europe.

Spender was for many years editor of the evening paper the *Westminster Gazette,* which never had a large circulation, but served in the formation of liberal opinion during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. The *Westminster Gazette* has been called a combination of "higher journalism and practical statecraft." There are probably only two other journals of the time which played so important a part.

Mr. Spender's reluctance to use news or information given him in confidence militated against the "news" value of his paper. He raises the question "whether or how far the journalism of opinion can survive under modern conditions." It is a question, but can "newspapermen" answer it? They are trained to nose out, obtain, scoop and follow all clues for news. They are by profession seldom respecters of persons, confidences, or whole truths when half truths have better news value. The reading and buying public answers the question in various ways. There are many papers and many audiences and which dominates which would make a neat debate.

It is Spender as an individual and not as an editor who is highly regarded in literary circles. His wide knowledge and experience, his inside understanding of the politics of his times, his interesting friendships and acquaintances make the book readable, exciting and valuable. (2 volumes. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Co. $10.)

A. A. S.

Europe in 1927

WE commend it to you. Nowhere else can you secure as quickly and inexpensively information concerning Europe of such comprehensive and authoritative character as is to be found in *The Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science,* for November, 1927. This issue contains a 131-page summary by Professor E. M. Patterson and numerous other important articles on the industrial and financial situation in Europe. (3622 Locust St., Philadelphia, $2.)

K. P.

Portraits in Color

A DELIGHTFUL experience awaits the person who wishes to add to his understanding of the Negro people and their place in American life. In *Portraits in Color,* by Mary White Ovington, both Negro and white Americans will add to their sense of knowing and appreciating the great personalities which have emerged from the Negro citizens in the last few years. The author writes from twenty-five years of active work to improve Negro conditions, and she presents twenty short portrait studies of men and women based on first hand knowledge.

There is a wide range of subject—the old guard in Moton and Du Bois, the new artist group in Hughes and Robeson and Mrs. Fuller. Some figures lost to the public emerge to sight in Lucy Laney, who would "rather teach than eat," and Janie Porter Barrett, who has made the Virginia State Farm for Colored Girls not a reformatory but a home. It is good reading for people who are beginning their acquaintance with Negro life in America. It helps one to see the conditions facing a person of real ability and Negro blood, and makes one thoughtful of conditions which a white American tends to accept as inevitable or unimportant. The book bears vivid witness to the effect on Negro and white alike of a vicious social theory. Hovering in the background as one reads are the white men and women counterparts of these portraits. In addition to the personal interest of each sketch the book provides a view of the social theories and solutions current in America. (Published by Viking Press. $2.)

LESLIE BLANCHARD.

So This Is Science

SCIENCE: Leading and Misleading. Title is misleading. One expects generic criticism of science: gets instead criticism, all over the lot, of scientific postulates, dogmas, hypotheses, old eggs—and reputations. One begins to think, "Just why was I so impressed at mention of Freud, Spengler, Haldane, Millikan, Inge, Russell, or whosoever!" Surprised it was nine-tenths on authority, reputation, hearsay. Maybe these big fellows need sling-shot. Get it, from Englishman Arthur Lynch; effect often delightful. Especially when pebble knocks off mortar-board or stings through dinner coat. (Doesn't always hit.) Your consciousness etched with fact of *present* suppressions of pompless truth. But what good to helpless layman? Has no evidence to judge. (Published by E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.)

DOUGLAS HASKELL.

Old Age Pensions

MR. LAMAR T. BEMAN'S book *Old Age Pensions* is one of the handbook series published by the H. W. Wilson Company. In accordance with the nature of these volumes, it contains concise briefs on the affirmative and negative sides of the question followed by general discussion made up of excerpts from various writings on the subject. Mr. Beman has succeeded in bringing together a mass of valuable and scattered material on the subject, although the worth of some of the inclusions may be questioned. Some improvement could have, perhaps, been made in the topical arrangement. The book, however, is invaluable for its bibliography, which is practically all inclusive and up-to-date. What debaters cannot find in this volume they can readily obtain in the authenticated original material. As a guide for this purpose, it is a real contribution to the growing literature on the subject. (Published by H. W. Wilson. $2.)

ABRAHAM EPSTEIN.

The Changing Doctrine of Monroe

THOSE who have looked back to a fancied time when the European world held its breath in fury while we rested a protecting hand on the shoulders of our Latin American comrades—well, they had better read Dexter Perkins' *The Monroe Doctrine, 1823-1826.* Most of the other writers on this question have kept their eyes principally on the American interest in the pronouncement; Professor Perkins (of Rochester) goes carefully into the reactions of European statesmen. The Doctrine, he shows, is one of those comparatively insignificant matters of international relations which come in time by the vicissitudes of later development to wield a mighty power on world politics. Neither Monroe himself nor the Latin Americans at the time thought of the Doctrine as anything like a permanent policy, enunciated for use over a century and more. Europe paid little attention to it in the midst of its other engrossments; once the first rebuff was accepted by the Holy Alliance, which on the whole passed it by in contemptuous silence, the Continent went pretty much along its own devious ways, though rivalry between Great Britain and the United States for influence in the Western Hemisphere was sharpened.

But if the Doctrine had scant immediate effect, it has more than caught up in the succeeding years. Our recent policy of intervention, in contrast to our earlier refusal to allow it by others, must seem to the Latin Americans like a grim enactment of the old-time joke of the sign on the store: "Don't go elsewhere to be cheated; come in here."—(Published by Harvard University Press, $3.50.)

D.A.

Six Books on Foreign Missions

PROPHETIC of better understanding, if, indeed, we heed them, are *Christian Voices Around the World.* In this series of six books there speak, in the main, neither foreign missionaries nor visitors but the people themselves. The authors—each chosen for his competence to deal with the subject on which he writes—have been given absolute liberty to express their opinions and have been urged to write fearlessly. For example, in *China Her Own Interpreter,* eight representative Chinese, in as many chapters, give intimate and illuminating views of Chinese life and the attitude of China toward the West. These chapters are typical of those in other volumes of the series: Our Cultural Heritage, Our Changing Life and Thought, The Status of Our Native Religions, The Contribution of the Western Church, Problems of the Chinese Church, Cooperation From the West, The Future of Christianity in China, Youth's Challenge to Youth.

Other books in this series are *Japan Speaks for Herself, An Indian Approach to India* (including also valuable chapters on Nationalism in India's Life and Thought and Christianity and Indian Nationhood), *Thinking With Africa, Voices from the Near East,* and—with a plan of contents to meet a different situation—*As Protestant Latin America Sees It.*

The voices which speak in the last chapter of most of these books, from the point of view of a new generation of Christians in Asia, Africa, and Latin America, are indeed Youth's Challenge to all the so-called Christian world. A good example, though too condensed to do him justice, is this quotation from Toyohiko Kagawa: "In the East we have two enemies. . . . The second enemy is nominal Christianity. . . . Too frequently its standard is a dead literature rather than love, the love that perseveres even to the cross. . . . It is to this love (the eternal love of Christ) that young Christians of Japan give their allegiance. They be-

lieve it expresses the essential character of God and testifies to the eternal significance of Christianity. We cannot believe in a Christianity that discounts this redemptive love, or that fails to practice love in human relationships. . . . Love is an eternal and revolutionary principle, and without it, social progress in any true sense is unthinkable."

The inevitable repetition in such a symposium and the evident absence of any attempt to reconcile conflicting opinion make all the more impressive the reiteration of some things which every Nordic ought to know. (Published by the Missionary Education Movement, N. Y. Set of 6, paper, $4, single copy, 75c; board, $6 and $1.25.) GILBERT BEAVER.

Christianity

CHRISTIANITY has traveled far. Far from the simple religion of Jesus. Its momentous journey has been vividly described in a recent volume by Charles Guignebert, Professor of the History of Christianity at the Sorbonne in Paris. Concerning the Christian Church at the beginning of the fourth century, the author says: "Some difficulty will be experienced in recognizing in her the community of Apostolic times, or rather, we shall not be able to recognize it at all. . . . Victory over the Roman Empire had been purchased at so great a cost that it may be boldly affirmed that believers belonging to the Apostolic era would have regarded it as a catastrophe."

Among the principal landmarks along the road described and interpreted by Professor Guignebert are the following: the influence of Hellenistic Jews, the absorption of pagan elements, the work of Paul, the growth of literalism, ritualism and asceticism, the origin of the papacy, the rise of scholasticism, the deification of the physical force and the resort to terror, the ignorance, greed and lust of many of the clergy, the emergence of humanism, the Protestant Reformation, the conflict with science.

At the end of the journey, the author reaches the conclusion that "the Western peoples have, strictly speaking, never been Christians." (*Christianity, Past and Present.* Published by Macmillan, $3.75.) K. P.

The Old Order Changes

IT is a debatable question whether the national government or the municipal authority is more important for the average dweller in cities. Certain it is that the city government touches him more often in his daily life. For that reason good local administration has often made people overlook an intolerable national regime. Thus the Germans before 1914 had probably the best city government in the world with a correspondingly bad government in the Reich. American cities were different. Fifty years ago they were dominated by the most select gang of hooligans and grafters to be found anywhere in the world. After innumerable scandals they are slowly rising to a more tolerable condition. The British city, on the other hand, had to battle against Parliamentary interference and a continuous shortage of funds due to unsound methods of taxation. In *Modern Development of City Government,* Ernest S. Griffith undertakes a comparative survey of American and British cities in the last 60 years. What emerges is not only a vast amount of information about the cities of both countries, but also an evaluation of the importance of city government and an attempt to point out the most promising road for the future. (Published in two volumes by the Oxford University Press, $14.) H. C. E.

Agricultural Changes

FOR a popular account of the changes that have taken place in our agriculture since the beginning of the 20th Century, *These Changing Times,* by E. R. Eastman, is the best book available. Mr. Eastman is now editor of the *American Agriculturist* and his main contacts have been with farming in the East, but he has a thorough grasp of the main trends that are evident everywhere. He describes the improvements in transportation, the advent of farm and kitchen machinery, the advance toward the electrical age, the increases in production per farm worker, the coming of cooperative marketing, the growth of farmers organizations, the knotty local tax problem. When it comes to social institutions, the descriptions of "progress" are, of course, less precise. Mr. Eastman is convinced that the church as an institution is on the decline. He believes that on the whole the farmers' standard of living is "much higher" than it was a generation ago. The reviewer's chief criticism would be that Mr. Eastman is too optimistic and that he does not deal sufficiently with the difficult problem of adjusting agriculture to the present world business situation. (Published by Macmillan. $2.50.)

B. Y. LANDIS.

What of the Cityward Trend?

CESSPOOLS of iniquity? Cities? No, their reputations are undeserved. At least this is the conclusion reached by John Giffen Thompson in his well documented volume, *Urbanization.*

For years we have been told that "God made the country, but man made the city" and that the growth of the latter constitutes a menace to civilization. Now comes along a book which produces authentic evidence to the contrary. In rapid succession the author surveys the effects of urbanization upon freedom of thought, speech and conscience; economic independence; democracy; political intelligence, activity, purity, and efficiency; education; health; morality; religion.

In conclusion the author says: "The disparagement and depreciation of urban life and much of the agitation in favor of the restriction of the cityward movement and in favor of measures for the promotion of a reflux to the country are therefore useless and unavailing as well as unjustifiable. But they are also in large degree positively harmful and injurious."

Lest the reader should become unduly optimistic it should be pointed out that Mr. Thompson's verdict in favor of the city is due quite as much to the failures and vices of the country as to the achievements and virtues of the former. (Published by Dutton, $6.) K. P.

A Primer of Politics

A PRIMER, though not for little tots (regardless of their age) who have to be entertained by reading matter, is *American Parties and Politics,* by Professor Harold R. Bruce of Dartmouth College. Here are the histories of the parties, their functions in our political life, the machinery of nomination and election and no small amount of information on the underlying economic and social factors of politics. It is a text book not intended for popular reading. But it is clear, concise, and contains a rather extraordinary assortment of logically arranged facts. Good for reference, even for the seasoned student. One of those inconspicuous books mighty handy to have around—especially in the coming pseudo-election.—(Published by Henry Holt & Co., $3.75.)

D. A.

BETTER BOOKS *for* ALL-ROUND READING

The Journal of William Maclay. New York: A. & C. Boni. 1927. 6 x 9. 429 pages. $4. In his Introduction Professor C. A. Beard refers to this diary of the original Jeffersonian Democrat as "one of the most precious human documents for the study of American manners, morals, and intelligence, political and general."

Selected Papers of Bertrand Russell. New York: Modern Library. 1927. 4½ x 6¾. 390 pages. 95c. Worship, Logic, Education, Industrialism, Bolshevism and Relativity constitute a few of the themes treated in this stimulating collection.

The Search for Atlantis, by Edwin Björkman. New York: A. A. Knopf. 1927. 5¼ x 7¾. 119 pages. $2. Possibly a successful hunt for the location of that alluring lost continent of a thousand legends.

The Tacna-Arica Dispute, by Graham H. Stuart. Boston: World Peace Foundation. 1927. 5½ x 8. 136 pages. (Pamphlet) 5c. An exceptionally valuable summary of the historic and current facts in this controversy.

The Romance of Reality, by Beverly L. Clarke. New York: Macmillan. 1927. 5¼ x 7½. 250 pages. $2.25. The most vivid imagination of a century ago could not have concocted a more enthralling tale than is told in this vivid interpretation of matter, energy, radio, relativity and other marvels of the universe.

The Confessions of St. Augustine, translated and annotated by J. G. Pilkington with biographical introduction. New York: Boni and Liveright. 1927. 5½ x 7½. 382 pages. $3.50. A volume in the Black and Gold Library. Beautifully printed and bound.

That Mind of Yours, by Daniel Bell Leary, M. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1927. 4½ x 7. 220 pages. $1.75. Simplified but scientific treatment of normal and abnormal psychology.

The Radiant Story of Jesus, by Alphonse Seche. New York: Century. 1927. 5¾ x 8½. 381 pages. $3.50. A beautifully written but wholly uncritical biography. Fact and crude mythology are presented indiscriminately.

International Trade, by F. W. Taussig. New York: Macmillan. 1927. 5¾ x 8¾. 425 pages. $3.50. An authoritative and technical discussion of the various factors involved. Especially valuable for professors and students of economics.

The Bridge of San Luis Rey, by Thornton Wilder. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. 1927. 6 x 8. 140 pages. $2.50. This is fiction of unusual design, and admirably written, and certainly is to be placed among the more individual books of the year. Wilder has created romantic figures with astonishingly human traits.

Men of Destiny, by Walter Lippmann. New York: Macmillan. 1927. 5 x 7½. 244 pages. $2.50. A dozen or so men of public life examined against a background of current issues.

The Bird of Fire, by Maria Moravsky. New York: Crowell. 1927. 378 pages. 5 x 8¾. $2. Opening scenes of the Russian Revolution strung like colorful beads on the thread of a sketchy love story.

The Arrested Moment, by Charles Caldwell Dobie. New York: John Day. 1927. 310 pages. 5 x 9. $2.50. Rich men, poor men, beggarmen, thieves—their inner conflicts and self victories, portrayed in vigorous, deft short stories.

A Christian Patriotism, by Erwin L. Shaver. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1927. 5¼ x 7½. 58 pages. $0.60 postpaid. Probably the best discussion outline available for use by classes and young people's groups. It includes stimulating source material.

The Philippine Islands, by U. S. Department of Commerce. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1927. 6 x 9. 130 pages. $0.20. A commercial survey that reveals, among other things, why Filipino independence is being so long delayed.

Alias Uncle Shylock, by Herbert Fisher. New York: A. & C. Boni. 1927. 5½ x 7¾. 214 pages. $2.50. A stimulating and provocative study of the war and the peace.

The ABC of Psychology, by Vance Randolph. New York: Vanguard Press. 1927. 137 pages. 4 x 7¼. $0.50. If you can get by "Sensations, said Fechner, vary in intensity as the logarithm of the brain action which causes them," on page 4, it's the ABC all right. If not, it's the XYZ.

Jeremy at Crale, by Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran. 1927. 5 x 7½. 356 pages. $2. It follows the pattern of many books about English school life, but it sustains the tradition.

The Junior College, Its Organization and Administration, by William M. Proctor and eleven others. Palo Alto, California: Stanford University Press. 1927. 5¾ x 8¾. 217 pages. $2.50. Essentially a field report of practical experience in junior college work today. The institution is a growing one. Educators and parents should understand the problems of education which produced the junior college and its place in the whole system.

Yellow Gentians and Blue, by Zona Gale. New York: D. Appleton and Co. 1927. 5 x 7½. 188 pages. $2. A slim volume of short stories. She has the ability to cut under convention and show, sometimes with almost emotional sentiment, the stirring issues of life.

The Master's Message or the New Day, by Vincent Godfrey Burns. New York: Association Press. 1926. 4½ x 6¾. 249 pages. $1.50. A stimulating series of daily devotional studies.

What Every Boy and Girl Should Know, by Margaret Sanger. New York: Brentano's. 1927. 5½ x 8. 140 pages. $1.50. Mothers and fathers will find this a good book to study themselves and pass on to their children.

Tewa Firelight Tales, by Ahlee James. New York: Longmans, Green. 1927. 6 x 8⅓. 247 pages. $2.50. A delightful group of American Indian Fairy Tales for Juniors. Refreshing and altogether different.

The Moon's Birthday, by Dorothy Rowe. New York: Macmillan. 1927. 4 x 6. 124 pages. $2. Stories for very young children, of customs and life in China.

Trends Toward ?

Secretary of the Navy Wilbur has drawn up and President Coolidge has approved a naval construction program covering twenty years and costing $2,500,000,000.

The first unit of this program, providing for the construction of 71 ships over five years at a cost of $640,-000,000, is now before Congress.

An increase in the enlisted strength of the Navy of 20,000 men and in the commissioned strength of 825 officers will be required to man the 33 new 10,000-ton cruisers that would be added to the fleet under the Navy's building program, including eight already under construction, Rear Admiral J. D. Beuret has informed the House Committee on Naval Affairs.

I am not a pacifist and I do not approve of pacifist tactics in any sense. The so-called "conscientious objectors" to fighting or letting others fight for the defense of our country and the rights of humanity are simply pathological cases of perverted citizenship. I believe not in the paci-fist but in the mailed fist.—*Dr. Joseph Silverman, Rabbi Emeritus of Temple Emanu-El, after seeing "The Prisoner" as quoted in the New York Times, Jan. 22, 1928.*

"The House Naval Affairs Committee voted almost unanimously to strike out a provision that 'in the event of an international conference for the limitation of naval construction' the President might suspend part or all of the ordered construction. So modified, the bill provides for a building program which must be begun within five years and must be completed within eight years. If it is passed as it stands, if Mr. Coolidge signs a measure divesting himself and his successors of a salutary power, Congress will be placed in the attitude of seeking to bind the action of future Congressmen no matter how the international skies may brighten, and to make sure that if a future President shall have more common sense than Congress he shall not be permitted to use it for the public good."—*New York World, January 17, 1928.*

"Some months ago it was proposed to add a limited number of cruisers to 'round out' our navy and give reasonable protection to our commerce. That was a reasonable proposal. That proposal has now developed into a program for the largest navy in the world and a $1,000,000,000 budget to begin with, and added to this is a notice that this navy is not for protection of our commerce but for war—immediate and inevitable war.

"Unless the taxpayers of this country make themselves heard they may well prepare for a deluge in the way of additional tax burdens. Not only will there be no reduction of taxes but there will necessarily be an increase in the near future.—*Senator William E. Borah, of Idaho, in the New York Times, January 23, 1928.*

Resolved, That the Conference on the Cause and Cure of War deplores the policy of greatly increased Naval armaments for the United States, at the same time that our State Department is offering Treaties renouncing War as an instrument of national policy, and urges that in the adoption of any Naval building program the President be authorized to suspend construction if circumstances warrant it.—*Resolution passed by Third Conference on the Cause and Cure of War, Washington, D. C., January 19, 1928.*

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CORRESPONDENCE

Oil Percussions

IT is disturbing even to an editor to be wounded in the house of his friends. Were it not for the fact that I have the highest regard both for Jerome Davis and THE WORLD TOMORROW, this protest would not be written.

In your issue for February, in his article "The Religious Press and the Oil Scandal," Professor Davis does *The Churchman* a serious, and I am sure unintentional, injustice. Professor Davis writes: "The American Protestant Church ought to be the champion of justice and righteousness. It should denounce wickedness in high places." So heartily do I agree in that opening statement that I would be glad to carry it every week in the masthead of *The Churchman.* Anyone who has read *The Churchman* during the past ten years would admit that it has done its full share of denouncing.

Professor Davis asks: "How far has the religious press of America been blind to the deeper moral and civic implications of this corruption?" (the Oil Scandal), and adds later in the article: "In the light of this moral gangrene which had eaten its way into the Cabinet of the United States we can now appraise the prophetic character of our religious periodicals by noting their attitude toward the scandal during all of 1924." He then proceeds to do some appraising. I must add in all frankness that he has done a pretty poor job of appraising in reference to *The Churchman.*

He states: "*The Churchman* (Episcopalian) had room for articles on the problems of religion and culture, and on 'Christ and the New Patriotism,' which were singularly silent on oil." He then quotes an editorial, "Unbridled Tongues" (March 8, 1924), making a reference to Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, and adds: "In other words, *The Churchman* took occasion to condemn, not the honorable Secretary Fall nor the distinguished Daugherty, but to condemn the one millionaire in America who had made himself conspicuous by aiding in the investigation of the national robberies!"

This, I admit, sounds like a damning arraignment and would stamp *The Churchman* as one of the most reactionary periodicals in America. That, at least, is a refreshing and somewhat humorous reversal of the indictment usually brought against this publication!

The editorial which Professor Davis quotes was not intended to deal with the oil scandals. The few lines quoted from the editorial were merely a passing reference and the editorial dealt with the scandal-mongering of certain Episcopalians in a matter utterly remote from the oil scandals.

Professor Davis begins his survey of the religious press in reference to the oil scandals with February 1, 1924. If Professor Davis had read the issue of *The Churchman* for February 2, 1924, he would have found, on page 8, column 1, the following editorial, which I ask you to reprint:

"To all people who insist that the Church ought to 'keep its hands off politics' we commend a careful reading of the disclosures concerning ex-Secretary Fall. So long as men in public office are willing to lend themselves to dealings in their own selfish interest which involve the people of America in what amounts to a national disgrace, just so long will it be incumbent on the Church to use its power not only in disclosing such questionable practices,

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but in insisting that public men observe the fundamentals of Christian ethics. During the time when ex-Secretary Fall was using his office to force American intervention in Mexico 'to protect American interests,' *The Churchman* raised the question whether 'American interests' did not chiefly concern a small group of oil men, including Mr. Doheny. Events of the past few weeks have amply justified the raising of that question. Some of our readers wrote to us at the time, protesting that the Church and *The Churchman* had better keep their hands off such political matters. We believe that it is the business both of the Church and *The Churchman* to deal with 'political matters' when those matters touch so deeply the question of public morals."

Here is, seemingly, sufficient evidence that not only during the period of Professor Davis's inadequate and misleading survey of the religious press, but long before, while Secretary Fall was still in office, *The Churchman* was hammering away at manipulations which ultimately developed into a national scandal. As for Mr. Daugherty, *The Churchman* so frequently condemned his activities and those of his associates that scores of violent protests came from its readers.

In the face of our editorial pronouncement of February 2, 1924, and others of similar import which I might have quoted, I would ask Professor Davis and your readers whether they consider that *The Churchman* comes under the indictment implied in Professor Davis's final paragraph: "But the record shows the serious danger which faces many outstanding American religious periodicals. Will they keep silent until the United States Supreme Court has spoken three or four years after an event? Is religion 'the opium of the people'?" If that editorial be "opium," let Professor Davis make the most of it, to paraphrase certain somewhat legendary words from the past.

GUY EMERY SHIPLER,
Editor, *The Churchman.*

New York, Jan. 27.

Davis Answers Shipler

I AM sure you realize that I have the highest opinion of you personally. In my article in the WORLD TOMORROW I was simply making a study of the attitude of *The Churchman* on the oil scandals of 1924. I know nothing about your remarks in any period except the time I investigated. I treated all the magazines alike in not examining their records on other issues and in other years. I regret that I did not refer to the editorial on February 2nd, but in a brief magazine article I could not refer to everything, and it was so weak in the face of the terrific exposures at Washington that I do not think its publication is enough to place *The Churchman* in the rank of fearless prophets on the oil scandals. As a matter of fact, in my first draft of this article I did refer to the issue of February second and had noted the rather favorable references to the Ku Klux Klan which you published. These were all omitted when the article was shortened to come within publication requirements. I am sorry if you feel this did you an injustice.

In your editorial of that issue you say, "we commend a careful reading of the disclosures concerning ex-Secretary Fall." You go on to raise the question whether "American interests" did not chiefly concern a small group of oil men. During the entire rest of the year you remained silent except to take occasion to condemn Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip. In his case you did not "commend a careful reading of the disclosures," or merely raise a question about his action as you did in the case of Fall. You said referring

specifically to Mr. Vanderlip "the best qualities in men and women condemn the unbridled tongue that seeks to blacken character," this in the face of the fact that Mr. Vanderlip did more distinguished service on the oil issue than perhaps any other man in private life. The fact that the editorial did not deal entirely with oil does not detract in the slightest from the moral implication of throwing your weight against the man who was investigating the corruption and heading the editorial "Unbridled Tongues."

While I have the highest regard for *The Churchman,* I think its record during the period of this oil scandal amply justifies the treatment which I accorded it. I hope the WORLD TOMORROW will print your letter, but in fairness it should add that that was the only editorial during the entire year (we are counting the one which attackted Mr. Vanderlip), which dealt with the oil scandals. I have had my secretary examine all the issues of *The Churchman* again to verify this. If I have made any mistake I shall be glad to have you call my attention to it.

The general purpose of my article was to awaken in the minds of the editors a sense of their responsibility to the great moral issues of this kind. I cannot help but feel that in the light of the corruption at Washington *The Churchman* did not fulfill my ideal during that year.

Again, may I say that I appreciate all that *The Churchman* has been doing in other fields. I hope soon to make an investigation on the religious press and Nicaragua. I hope your record there will be prophetic.

New Haven, Jan. 31. JEROME DAVIS.

Shipler Replies

I FAIL to see that Professor Davis's letter offers any slightest justification of his statements concerning *The Churchman;* it serves rather to accent the seriousness of the blunder he has made. His statement: "I regret that I did not refer to the editorial of February 2, but in a brief magazine article I could not refer to everything," hardly calls for comment. That editorial completely invalidated the basic charge made against *The Churchman* by Professor Davis. If he had read that editorial when he wrote his article, as seems to be the case, what possible justification can he have for making statements which, in the face of that pronouncement, any writer ought to have known to be false? If there is space enough in any article to make a false statement, there is also space enough to tell the truth.

In his letter Professor Davis says: "During the entire rest of the year you remained silent, except to take occasion to condemn Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip." Professor Davis is again in error. There were two other editorials in that year dealing with the oil scandals, one under the title, "Ghosts of Our Social Sins," and the other, "Scoundrels Take Note."

In other words, Professor Davis failed to make any reference to, or to take into account in drawing his conclusions, three out of four editorials. Professor Davis is entitled to consider any one of these editorials "weak," which would have, as it seems to me, little if any bearing on the question at issue.

Professor Davis's letter forces me in justice to *The Churchman* to make a correction of a further error. He speaks of "rather favorable references to the Ku Klux Klan, which you published." The reference is to a news story in *The Churchman* of February 2, 1924, quoting a statement from a diocesan paper of the Episcopal Church. An editorial note over the quotation characterizes it as "an amazing article." I challenge Jerome Davis to find anywhere

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in the editorial pages in any issue of *The Churchman* any single favorable reference to the Ku Klux Klan. *The Churchman,* on the contrary, has consistently denounced the Klan from the inception of that organization. Professor Davis would find it unnecessary to read far in the issues during the period of his survey to discover several editorials by way of illustration. A single brief quotation from the issue of July 12, 1924, will suffice: "Another case in which this organization fosters hatred in the name of the God of Love. Reporters were clubbed, property of innocent bystanders was destroyed. One wonders how such actions can be assumed to be Christian. But the pity of it is great masses of people in this supposedly civilized country do think that they are."

Professor Davis's statement that "the general purpose of my article was to awaken in the minds of editors a sense of their responsibility to the great moral issues of this kind," represents a commendable ambition. Perhaps the mind of the editor of *The Churchman* needed to be awakened. The fact remains, however, that during the period of Professor Davis's survey *The Churchman* was devoting a very large percentage of its three weekly editorial pages to such questions as the abolition of war, child labor, Ku Klux Klan, the ethics of journalism, race relations, international good will, rural problems, etc., etc., in addition to the multitudes of problems concerning liberal Christianity in the Episcopal Church and other Communions. If any one of your readers wishes to investigate the validity of these statements, I trust that he will read the files of *The Churchman* himself and not entrust the task to his secretary.

GUY EMERY SHIPLER,
Editor, *The Churchman.*

New York, Feb. 6.

A Few Exceptions

I AM writing to express my gratitude to you for procuring for the readers of your monthly the exceptionally meritorious article on "The Religious Press and the Oil Scandal" by Professor Davis.

But I think the author's last sentence should have been: "The religious press, as well as the secular press, is the opium of the people." There are a few exceptions, I'll grant, but they are distinctly few.

Philadelphia. W. E. BUTT.

Babbitt in Africa

IT took the President's Thanksgiving Day proclamation a long time to get away out here to Africa. I've read it in the papers, or rather we have—my pard and I. And I says, says I, "There's an American for you, through and through. Yes, sir, he knows the hearts of us Americans all right; and he knows what we have to be thankful for and we're not ashamed of it either."

And then I look that notice over again and I see that he mentions that we have been at peace with the world. So I says, "Yes, and we're likely to keep that way if they listen to Uncle Sam. It sure gives one a secure feeling away out here among foreigners to remember that if anybody interferes with our prospectin' or missionaryin' or sellin' stuff, all we have to do is to click off a cable to our Uncle Sam and that Big Stick of his comes around with a wallop that . . . ."

My pardner tried to butt in with some prattle, but I said, "Now, just wait till I'm done, can't you, and don't begin talking about what those greasers and chinks want. They are always wanting something that ain't good for 'em. As I was saying, the whole world is talking about peace, and what a grand thing it is, and I guess Uncle Sam's army and navy will see that we get it if we want it.

"The President says, too, that we have been prosperous. Wonder how that sounds to the rest of the world. He don't have to give any figures, as nobody is contradictin' it. It don't pay to contradict Uncle Sam nor to step on his toes. Everybody knows where the money comes from and where the brains come from to run the business organizations of the world. I'll say that's something to be thankful for.

"And he mentions how we have been going ahead in ministering to our souls too. I suppose he means the fine lot of art we have been buying over in Europe where they don't appreciate it, and the purifying of the school textbooks in Chicago and the skyscraper churches that are being built. Nobody can say we don't mix up religion and spiritual things with our material progress in America, where I come from. When the folks come over from the old country, I'll bet their eyes stick out to see our houses of worship and the wonderful literature that is provided for reading on Sunday, and how much attention is being paid to the loss and gain in church membership.

"When the rest of the world read that proclamation I just guess they wished they lived in a country where they didn't have to cringe around and feel ashamed of what they had done the past year. It is certainly a great feeling to be able to throw back our shoulders and be thankful that we have prosperity and health and religion."

And then I said, "Now, pardner, what were you going to say a while ago?"

And he said, "Oh, nothing; only, you poor old strutting turkey gobbler, some Thanksgiving Day you'll get the ax."

Now, what do you suppose he meant by that?

Somewhere in Africa. PROUDFOOT.

ANNOUNCEMENT

THE tenth anniversary of Oswald Garrison Villard's editorship of *The Nation* will open on March 1 with a dinner in Washington at which Senator Norris will be toastmaster, and close with a dinner in New York on Mr. Villard's birthday, March 13. During the intervening fortnight similar dinners in Mr. Villard's honor will be given by *Nation* readers of Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Baltimore, Rochester, and Boston. Speakers at the various dinners will be chosen from among the 200 distinguished members of the Tenth Anniversary Committee and from the staff of *The Nation.*

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The Last Page

IT never occurred to me until too late for the last issue that possibly Miss Royden's disastrous habit was acquired from some of the cigarettes sent over to Europe for two years, beginning in 1917, by the pious Christians of the United States.

And then again, perhaps not. I am no expert. I have never had any speaking engagements cancelled. They never let me get that far. They merely take a look at what I have written, gasp four times, and send an invitation to Cardinal Wolsey. Or, anyway, some other dead one.

Now, Amy Lowell used to smoke cigars and get away with it. President Coolidge, doted on by the righteous, enjoys his panatellas. We have had many a worthy President who smoked like a chimney and chewed like a billygoat. At the latter, however, I draw the line. I do not run to chews.

IT is against the policy of this department to use what is strictly advertising matter; but here is a case so pitiful I solicit advice from my readers. I find it in the *Times:*

> I am an unfortunate man. I occupy an apartment on Park Avenue which costs me $4,000 a year. I own a country place on the Sound where the interest charges and taxes amount to $6,000. I am practically evicted from both places because in the apartment I cannot find an efficient servant who is willing to work for less than $125 a month with two days out; and in the country, I need five servants, owing to the size of the house, who require $515 a month, not to speak of board and lodging.
>
> I tried a highly fashionable hotel in New York and spent five months in the hospital as a result. I have tried eating at drug-store stands, cafeterias, and all the various types of public restaurants, and have found that the articles served are not conducive to the welfare of my stomach. . . .
>
> If any of your correspondents can furnish an address where a patient, uncomplaining man with a fairly large income can eke out the remainder of his days, I would be grateful to receive it. B.

Legend has it that Marie Antoinette once queried, about the people who had no bread to eat, "Why don't they eat cake?" Here's a case—and there are many just like "B" abroad in the land—where the natural question is, "Why not eat bread?"

Chapters from the Comic History of My Life

"Among my souvenirs"—in the words of the current ditty—is a pennant-shaped pin of faded blue. It bears the letters A.C.L. I have kept the relic as a reminder of how moral education should not be conducted.

The initials were those of the Anti-Cigarette League. The pin was my reward for promising—at the responsible age of nine, I think—never to ruin my system by the white tubes of poison nor perjure my soul by breaking my solemn oath. Those were days when I would wear a pin for anybody's party, movement, or propaganda; I variously embellished my lapel with views of the Liberty Bell, Pawnee Bill, Theodore Roosevelt, a nondescript badge made of cannon captured in the Civil War, and a celluloid testimonial to someone's porous plasters.

The pin and the badge stayed by me. There came a time, of course, when I was old enough to reason. Sweetfern, grapevine, cornsilk, or even cubebs did not count. I tried them all progressively; though equally on the sly. Outwardly I was still a pillar of virtue, though inwardly I was not unvisited by qualms. So severe a distinction I had drawn, however, between my literal word of honor and the various subterfuges by which I remained one of the gang that when I was fooled into three puffs of real tobacco on the understanding it was some new substitute, I was nearly ill for days from the gnawing of conscience.

But suddenly even the substitutes were swept out of my life and for fifteen years no kind of smoking whatsoever poisoned *me*. The A.C.L. was far outdone indeed!

It happened at the beach. Two of us were there for a week along with a party of three dozen adults on a small-town house party. One day when we remained behind, strangely willing to guard the house for the afternoon, the trolley brought us a visitor. We knew that he was coming. The visitor brought with him certain articles. We knew the articles were coming.

Billy produced them gleefully; three tiny "briar" pipes; a bag of half-dried cornsilk; a tinfoil box covered with blue labels; a huge box of "parlor" matches. To the old shed we went, with no time wasted; and for a solid hour we experimented in sin. Yet somehow it wasn't as interesting as we had fancied. Shortly, we had buried the deadly articles of contraband deep in clean sand, except for the matches. "They'll spoil," said the thrifty Billy; 'I'll put 'em in my pocket." "They'll show," said prudent Bob; "you'd better take 'em out of the box."

It was a fine jump from the high roof of the second-floor porch; plenty of time to get that pleasant pain in your stomach before landing in the sand. Over and over we cast ourselves off without disaster, until to Billy came a harm no seer could have considered. Billy jumped too close, and that inflammable hip pocket hit the porch's edge. From the sand below came laughter, suddenly curdled to a note of unbelief; from below shone up a face wizened as by some sorcery, all in a curious second.

There was a wisp of smoke at which we gazed with infatuated interest. Billy was now rotating like a dog after a vexatious flea; now burrowing madly in the sand, but hardly in good burrowing position; now streaking to the water with a gray line floating back as from a steamer's funnel; now sitting in the water but with entire absence of repose.

We did the best we could with vaseline. No remedy with which we were proficient, however, could repair the damaged textiles. Billy, alas, was much too large for loans to be of any help. Nor was there any escape. Bearing down on us was that crowd of interfering, irresponsible grown-ups, who haled us in to supper. Bob and I ate little; Billy ate still less. When one feminine nose was suddenly upraised and a voice issued beneath it, saying, "Don't you smell something burning?" it chilled as from a ghostly region.

We finally escaped. Billy, limping, was escorted to his trolley by two boys who walked behind him in an obviously close affection. Once on the car, we two had done our best, and gave the remaining hours to piteous reflection.

I wonder where those pipes are now? Bob has passed on where, I am sure, there are no matches and no fire; Billy, I hear, is not at all a smoker.

Oh, yes, I sometimes smoke a little; but never with real zest. I do, in malice, like to stand the little pin before me and befog its faded navy with a pearlier, softer blue. And when I do it seems somehow as if the A.C.L. had taken on new purpose. Possibly the letters had a double meaning, suited to passing years; perhaps they mean, to modern understanding, *"And Change Later."*

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